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**48 Hours in
Cape Town**

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JUNE/JULY 2012

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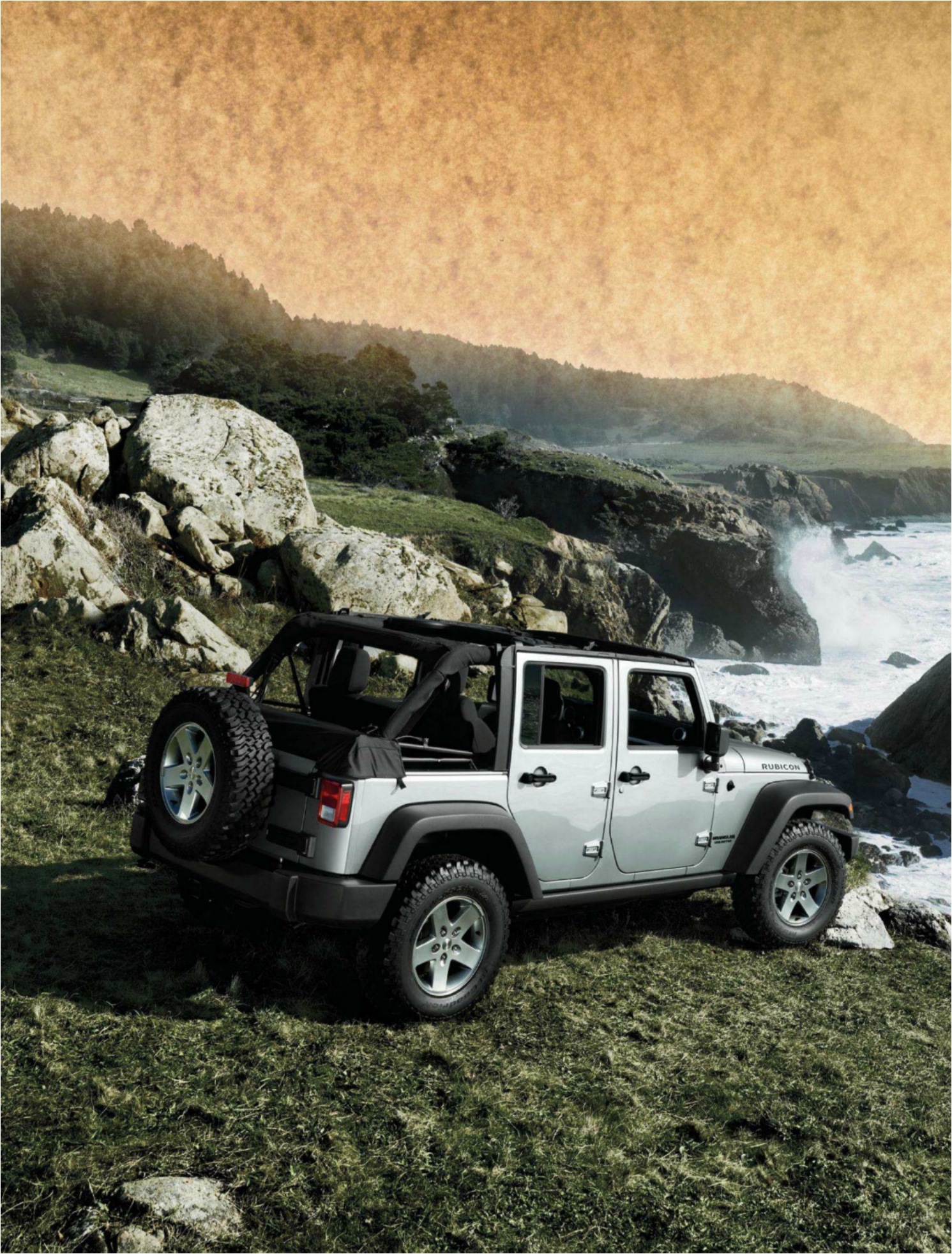
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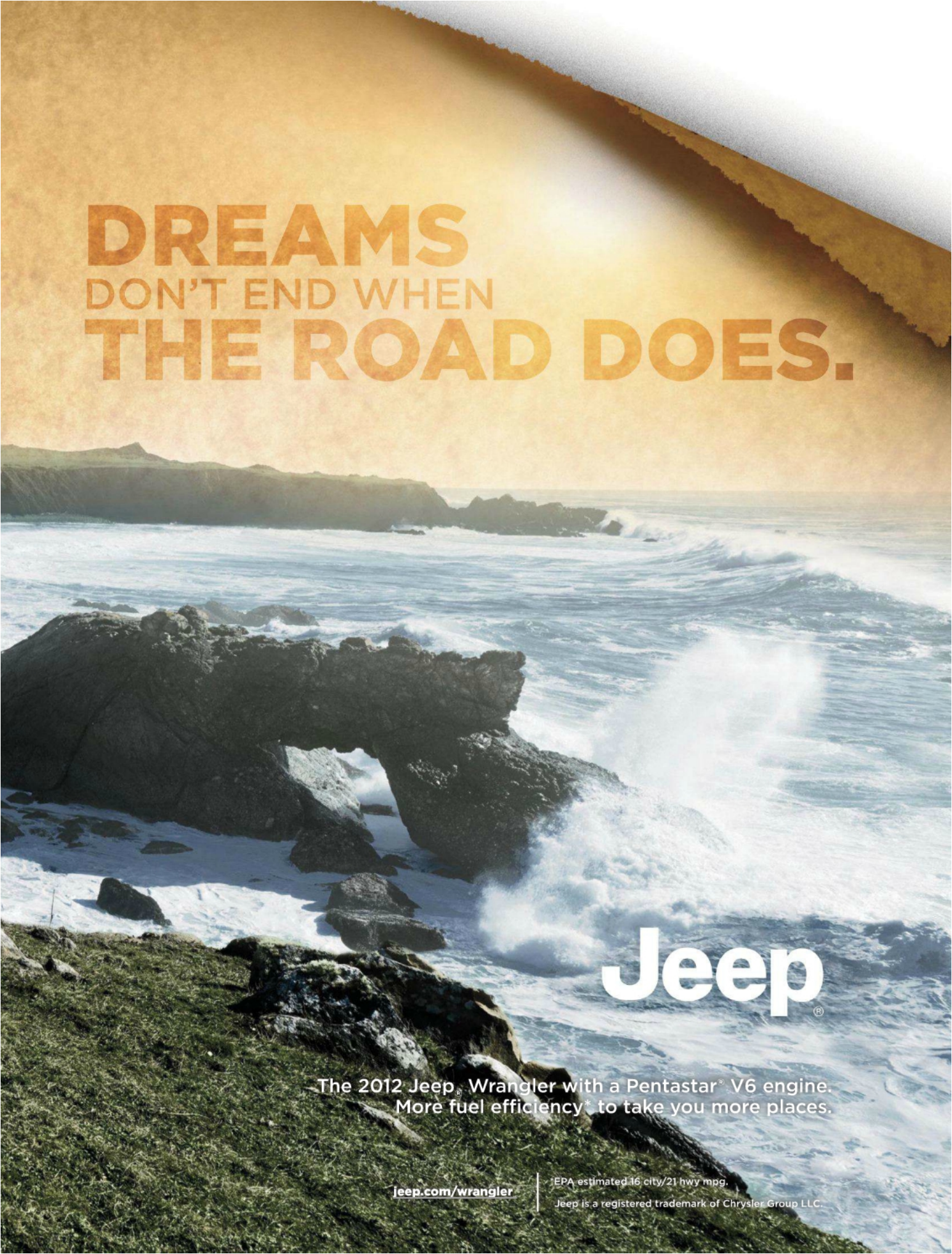
Journey to Champagne Country

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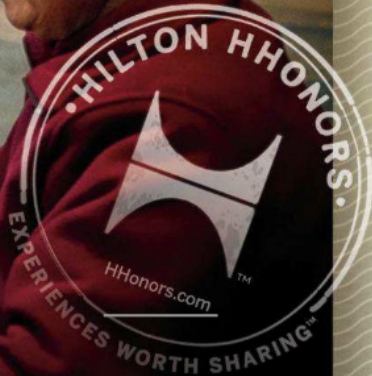
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Photographs by CATHERINE KARNOW



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ON THE COVER: Lake Tahoe, California. Photograph by Timothy Hursley.



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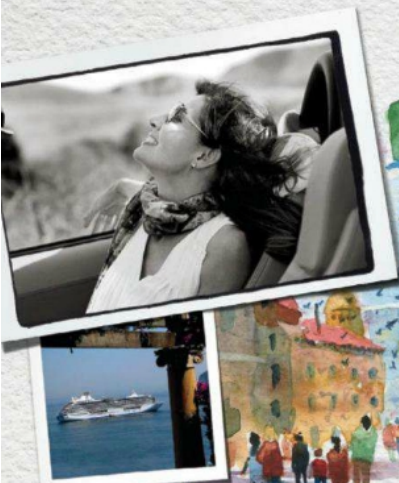


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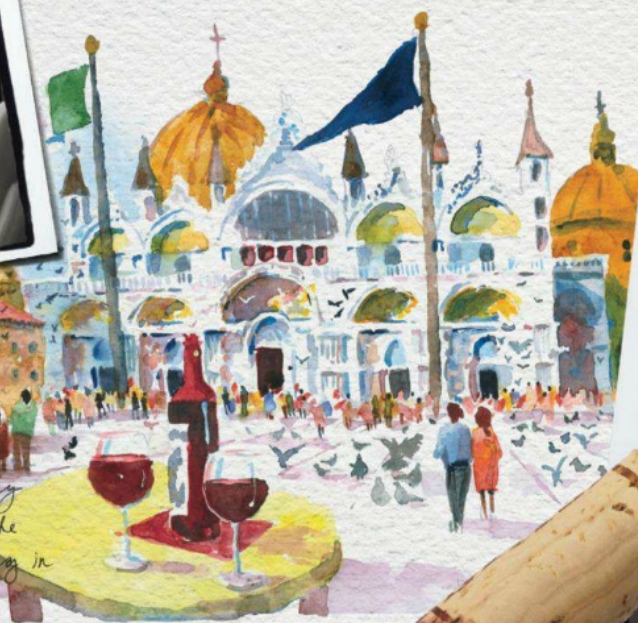
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The lure of New Hampshire's Squam Lake is impossible to resist, even for these dogs.

[EDITOR'S NOTE]

Tangled Up in Blue

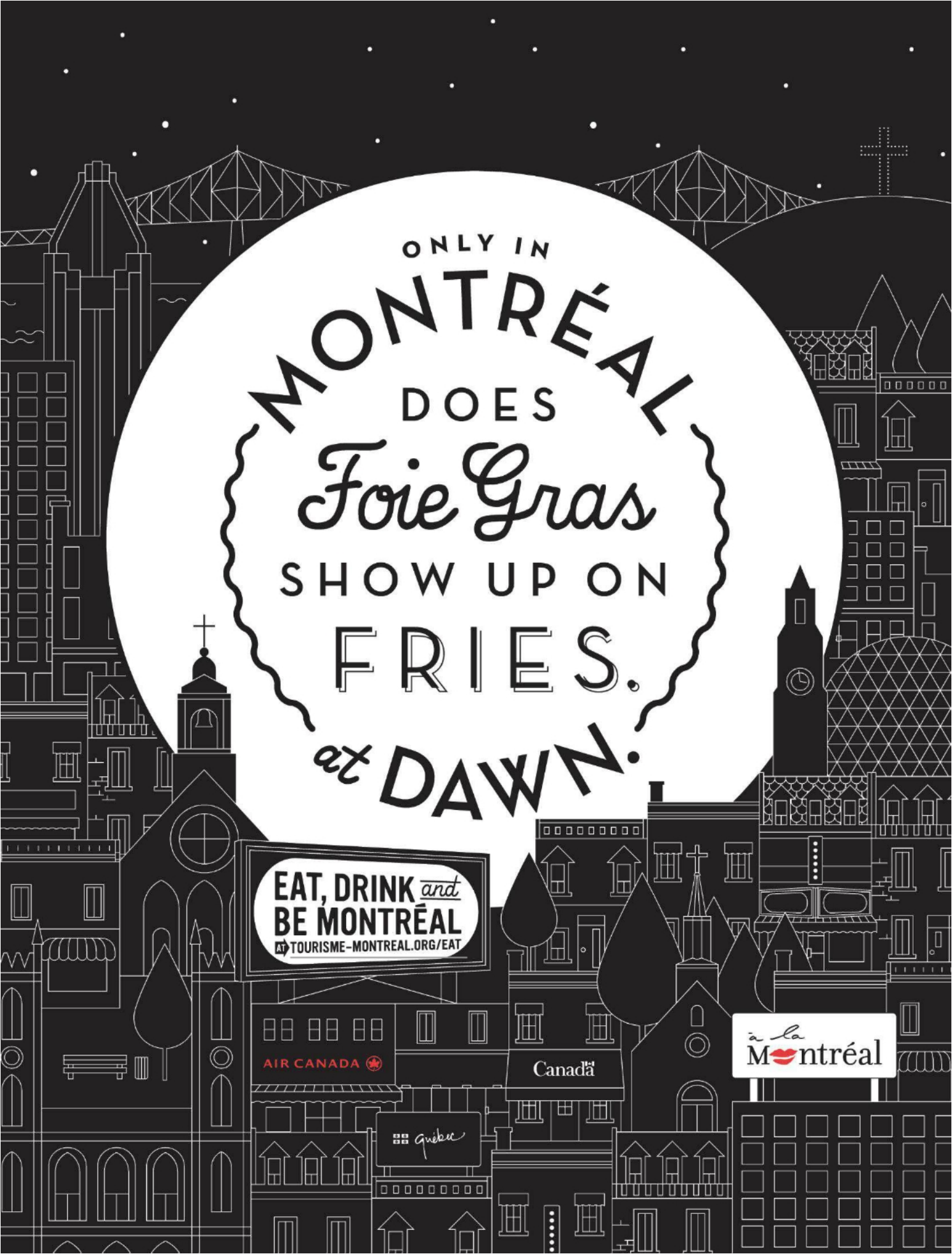
THE LAKE. My parents always called it just that. Short, sweet, unembellished. In fact, this marvelous oasis in the deep, emerald woods of Ontario beckoned the moment school was out. We answered its call for two weeks every summer. It's not important where it was (actually, I prefer to keep it secret). We all tumbled into an old green Rambler—four kids, parents, and a slobbering, bearish Newfoundland. The drive took about five hours, and the refrain all the way was, of course: *Are we there yet?*

The truth is, I am always there. I carry its memories to visit when I'm melancholy, to remind me when life was as simple as sunrise and sunset. The hallmarks of our lake getaways were wonderful and classic: listening to the catchy melodies of the Beach Boys and the waver of the loon, breathing in the pungent pine, taking comfort in a campfired hot dog.

For me, the lake has now achieved a sort of mythic resonance, but it is a real place of water skiing, hiking, and canoeing tannin-black streams. Of sunning on granite outcrops and fishing for pike and bass. Of drizzly nights and sunburned mornings. Of playing charades and drowsing off to the snores of my siblings. But the lake is also a place of the imagination, the very idea drawing me in. It is what I like to call the lake effect—the powerful pull of its freedoms and a sharing of space and time that lives on long after we grow up. Now I'm beginning to take my young children to “the lake.” I want them to build their own sacred memories. And so it goes on. Read more about the lake life on [page 56](#), with essays by contributing editor Joyce Maynard and others. —KEITH BELLOWS

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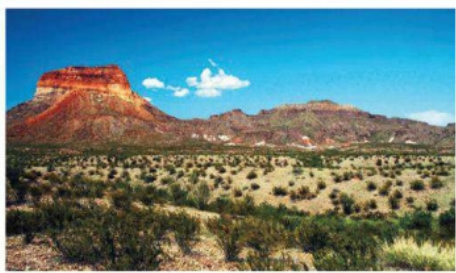
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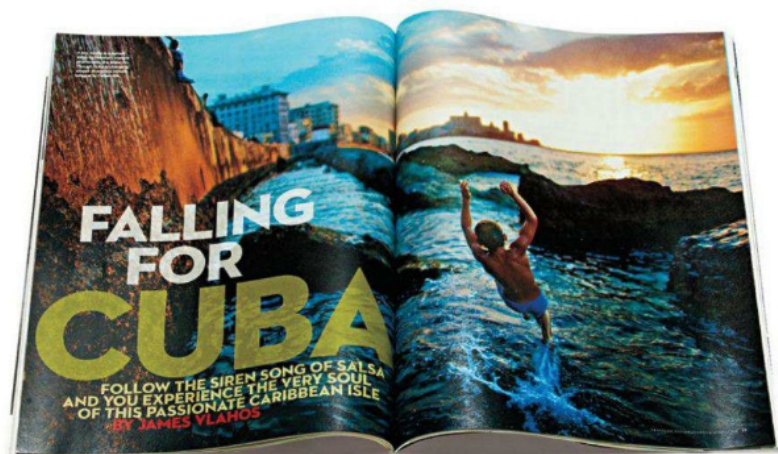
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TRAVEL TALK



A Cuban Roast

IN OUR MARCH-APRIL COVER STORY ("Falling for Cuba"), writer James Vlahos says that "Americans alternately romanticize and vilify" the Caribbean island. Readers had similar reactions to the article. "I can't tell you how excited I was to see the promise of your cover line, 'Cuba! The Time Is Now,'" wrote Ralph Perry of **Wheaton, Ill.** "But imagine my great disappointment to wade through the author's self-centered experiences taking salsa lessons." The article surfaced fond memories for Kathy Wheale of **Greenville, S.C.**, who met Julio Muñoz, a Cuban mentioned in Vlahos's story, on a 2002 visit. "At his studio, I purchased a photo of a child riding a pig on the cobbled streets of Trinidad. It hangs in my kitchen and makes me smile to remember Julio's warm family as well as

the other proud Cubans we met. I have instructed my husband to grab that photo in the event of a fire. My jewelry isn't nearly as valuable as my memories of Cuba—or that priceless souvenir."

REVVED UP "Rise and Shine Detroit" (March-April 2012) surprised readers, for better and worse. "As a former resident with family still there, I think the author used a broad brush to paint Detroit into something it's not," wrote Carole Vesely of **Houston, Texas**. However, the majority offered accolades for the positive coverage. "I must say, I have a whole new view of Detroit after reading your article," commented Kathy Tudor of **Toronto**. **Detroit** local Renetta Kunnath chimed in: "Born and raised here in the '50s and '60s, I've seen the good and bad. My husband and I now live in the suburbs, but every chance we get we go into the city for events, restaurants, and shopping at Eastern Market. We wear our 'Old English D' proudly, at home and on our travels."

EVERYWHERE VISA IS ACCEPTED

"I read 'Access Denied' [Editor's Note, March-April 2012] while at Zagreb Airport," wrote Anna Boldyreva of **Moscow**. "I'm an active young professional who speaks four languages and loves to travel. The only obstacle: I was born and live in Russia. My first consideration when making travel plans is not what sights I'll see or which specialties I'll try, but how I will get a visa. Russians need a visa to go almost anywhere. Imagine traveling more than 3,000 miles from Siberia to Moscow to apply for a visa, waiting two weeks, and still getting refused. I'm not writing to complain but to tell those VIPs behind embassy walls that I will never give up."

HEAD IN THE CLOUDS "I enjoyed the photo of the Romanian countryside [Your Shot/Travel, March-April 2012]," wrote Eric Hillstrom of **Haymarket, Va.** "But you missed something: In the cloud, Zeus's face, beard, and outstretched arm are clearly visible. The god of the sky indeed."

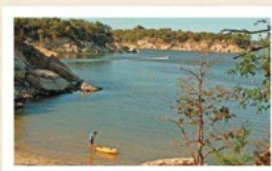
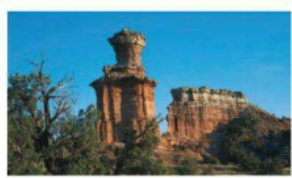
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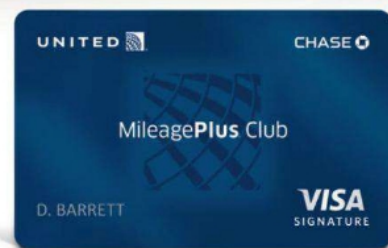
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THE NUMBER

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MAYBE IT'S A GOOD THING those superjumbos are plying the skies, because annual international tourist arrivals are set to hit a record **one billion** this year, according to the United Nations World Tourism Organization. Who's going where, and which places are poised for more company? Noted trend expert Glen Hiemstra, founder of Futurist.com and curator of Dothefuture.com, scanned the stats and offered his crystal-ball assessment: "The one-billionth tourist arrival in 2012 will be a Chinese businessperson, part of a group visiting Chile, Peru, and Ecuador to investigate future mining prospects, who with his group takes a side trip to see Machu Picchu and the Sacred Valley of the Inca." Hiemstra's vision builds on the merging of business and pleasure travel, as well as the growing market in Asia and the rising profile of tourism destinations in South America. The UNWTO is less inclined to offer such a specific prediction. So who knows? That billionth tourist just may be you. —GEORGE W. STONE



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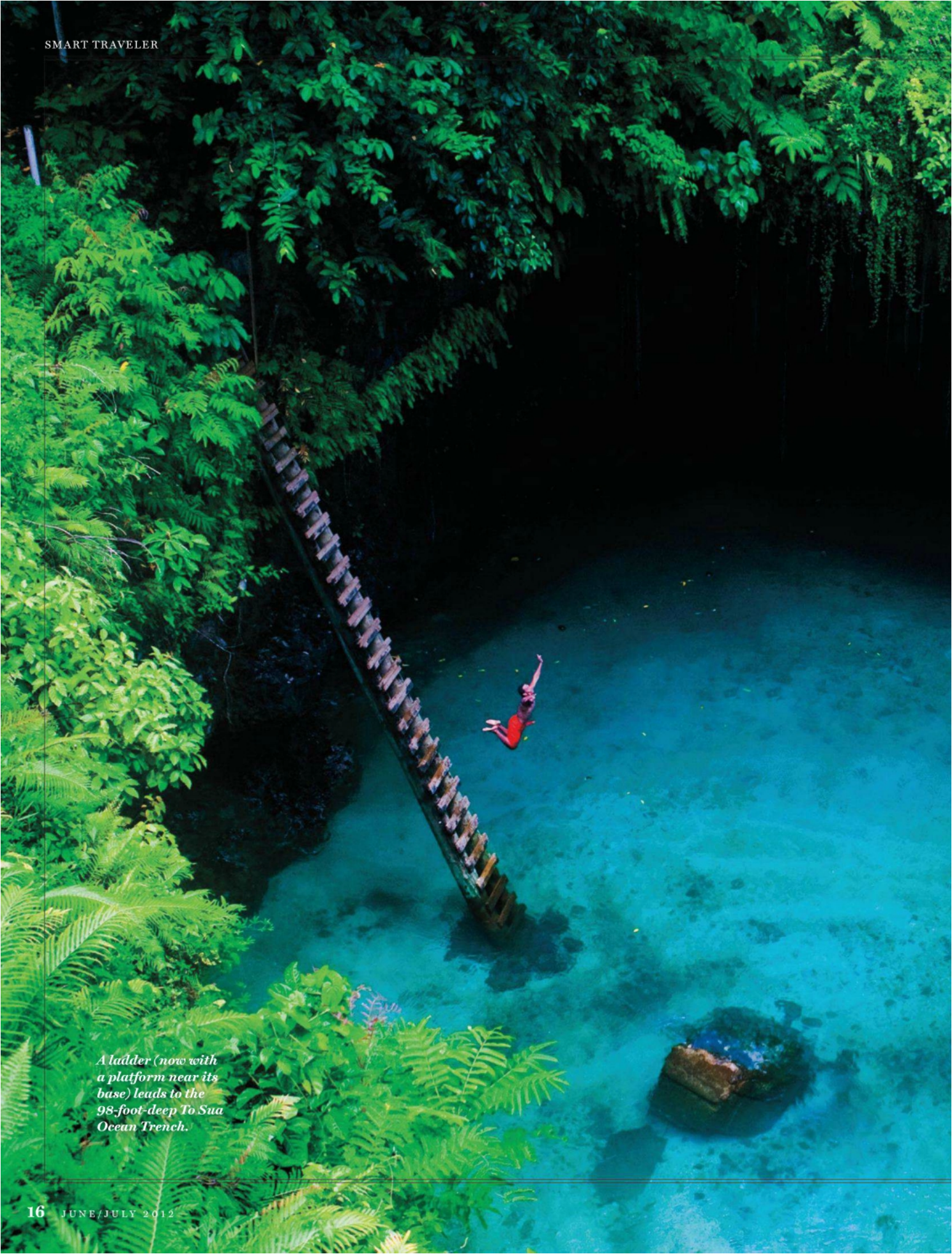
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A ladder (now with a platform near its base) leads to the 98-foot-deep To Sua Ocean Trench.



THE PLACE

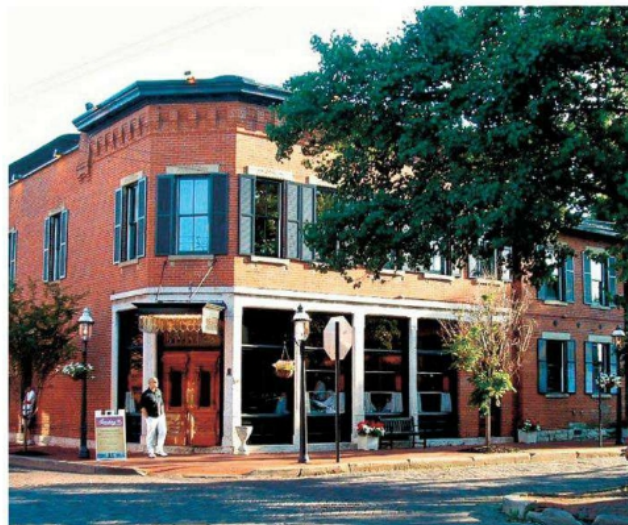
Give Me Samoa

LOCATED BETWEEN Hawaii and New Zealand, **Samoa** is a young country with old traditions. Fifty years ago, after being ruled first by the U.S. and Germany and then by New Zealand, the nine-island nation became the first Polynesian colony to reestablish its independence. During the first week of June, Samoans will celebrate the anniversary with parades and outrigger competitions. Taking place at the same time, the Fifth International Tatau Festival includes live demos of the *pe'a*—a knee-to-waist tattoo—which is still applied by the excruciating ancient technique using an ink-dipped comb and a mallet. Gain further insight into *fa'a Samoa*, the traditional Samoan way of life, at a Sunday church service (98.9 percent of the population is Christian). Afterward, many families eat their *umu* feast of pork, seafood, and taro that has been cooked between hot stones and banana leaves. Samoa's beaches and lagoons entice, but head inland for Papasee's Sliding Rock, a natural waterfall slide, and To Sua Ocean Trench, a giant swimming hole. Author Robert Louis Stevenson, for one, was so taken with Samoa's natural beauty and deeply cherished culture that he lived his final years here. —ALISON BRICK

THE NEIGHBORHOOD

A Warm Willkommen in Columbus

OHIO'S OFTEN under-appreciated capital city celebrates its bicentennial this year. One of Columbus's longest standing—and most welcoming—pockets lies just south of downtown: **German Village**. Settled by German immigrants in the mid-1800s, the 223-acre community possesses a quiet charm, with its brick homes, wrought-iron fences, and narrow brick-paved streets. “It has a European scale to it,” says Bethia Woolf, owner of Columbus Food Adventures. One of the largest privately restored neighborhoods on the National Register of Historic Places, German Village opens its houses and gardens to the public during the annual Haus und Garten tour (June 24 this year). The mostly residential neighborhood also harbors some of the city's best local shopping and



foodie spots—including a new outpost of Jeni's Splendid Ice Creams at 900 Mohawk St.

Skillnet (1) With fewer than ten tables inside, the popular brunch spot always attracts a line of locals out the door.

But dishes such as the duck and sweet potato hash make it worth the wait.

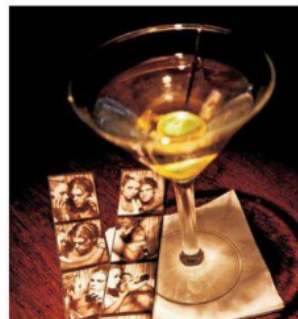
Schiller Park (2) Restored brick homes surround a 23-acre, picnic-friendly oasis. Free Shakespeare plays run

Thursday through Sunday nights in the summer.

Old Mohawk (3) This cozy neighborhood bar is famed for its (farm-raised) turtle soup and bratwursts.

Helen Winnemore Craft (4) In operation since the 1930s, the treasure trove of a shop stocks American artisan-made gifts (ceramic drop earrings, colorful glass wind chimes).

Book Loft (5) A German Village staple, the store is a labyrinth of 32 rooms with imaginable subject, from boating to bodybuilding to business.

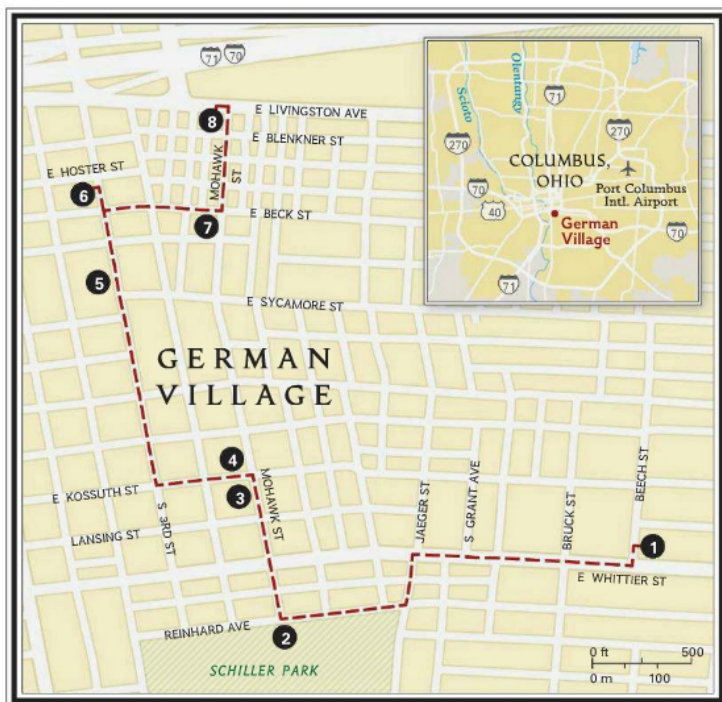


Lindley's restaurant (left) on a German Village corner; photo-booth snaps and a martini at Club 185 (top); Schiller Park (above).

Pistacia Vera (6) Some say this airy patisserie's delicate macarons—in unusual flavors such as pink guava yuzu and orange date—rival Ladurée's in Paris. Linger over a cappuccino, or take a box of some sweet treats to go.

Lindley's (7) Diners have splurged on rib eye and sea scallops at this corner bistro since 1981. Today you'll find locals enjoying happy hour on the brick patio. Share calamari or crab cakes from the half-off bar menu, which ranges from \$4 to \$7, until 6:30 p.m. on weekdays.

Club 185 (8) The fare leans to the casual (burgers, meatloaf), but the buzzing, music-fueled scene—complete with a classic photo booth—makes the bar one of Columbus's hottest. —Aubre Andrus



EXPLORE YOUR WILD SIDE WITH A **ZOOcation**

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SO WHAT IS A ZOOcation?

The brainchild of National Geographic and Travelodge, it's a vacation spent at, you guessed it, the zoo. The two adventure-minded brands teamed up with participating zoos across the country (only the U.S., sorry, Canada) to help kids and adults explore their wild side this summer. The deal is simple: Stay a minimum of two nights at Travelodge, buy a full-priced adult ticket, and get a kid's ticket free.

IS THERE A SWEEPSTAKES WITH A GRAND PRIZE?

Good question. Yes, the two companies are also hosting a sweepstakes with an epic ZOOcation as the grand prize, called the Wild Weekend Adventure sweeps. Simply enter* for a chance to win a getaway to any U.S. Travelodge and enjoy a special behind-the-scenes tour of a nearby zoo. Plus, the winner gets airfare, three nights at Travelodge, car rental, and more.

*Enter the Wild Weekend Adventure sweeps now at NationalGeographic.com/ZOOcation

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BEFORE YOU HEAD OUT ON A ZOOcation, A FEW TIPS:



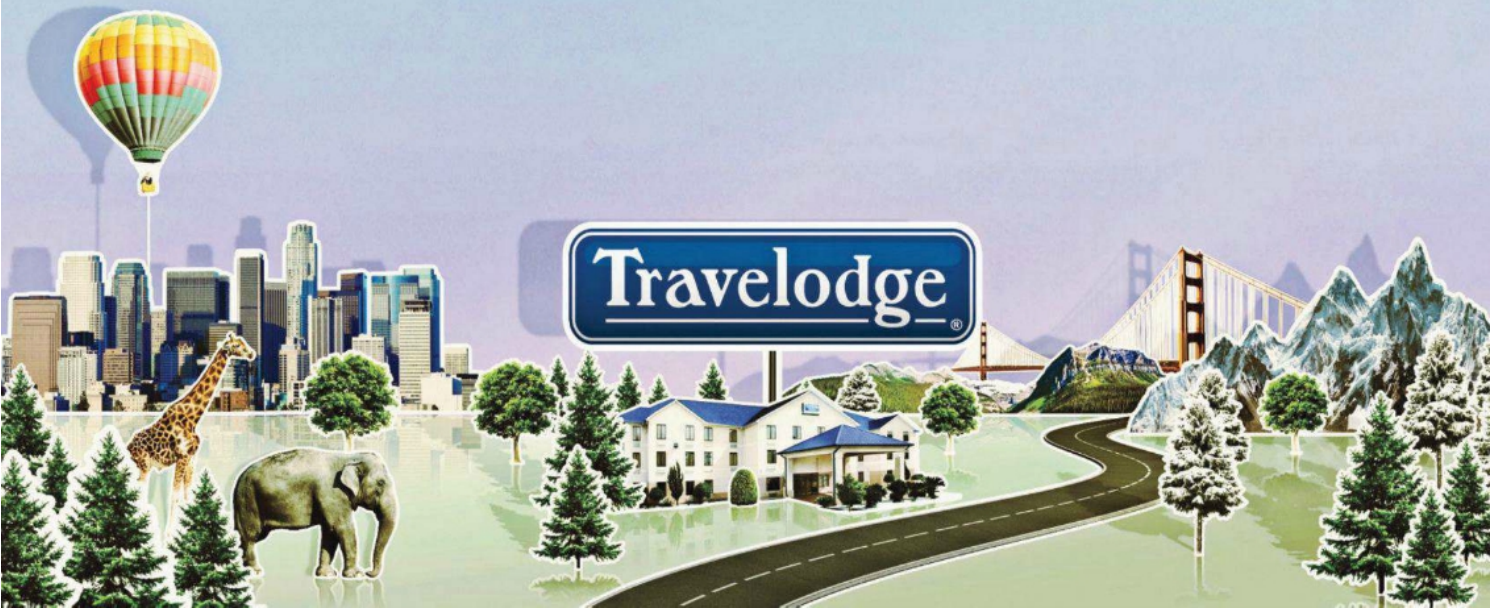
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While fanny packs are likely to never come back in style, carry a tote for all your kids' (and your) essentials like tissues, snacks, and sunscreen.



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THE IDEA

Night Raiders

WITH THE MAJORITY of the world's people now dazzled by the urban glare, an age-old pursuit has again come into the spotlight: **stargazing**. At Australia's Royal National Park south of Sydney, the full moon brings out a stream of hikers draped in glow sticks. As well as helping with head counts, the plastic beacons

stoke the party spirit of the group, gleeful to stay up just to see in the dark. Dubbed "moonwalks" by outfitter Understand Down Under, the treks begin with a sunset meal and a nocturnal photography lesson on Wattamolla beach and end at sunrise after a night under a sky that guide Andy Richards calls "surreal." In Chile's Atacama

Desert, stargazing is always otherworldly, but it gets even more intense in 2013 with the completion of ALMA, the world's most complex telescope. (Nearby, San Pedro de Atacama has star tours and a public observatory.) That same wonder for the cosmos has spurred the International Dark-Sky Association, an anti-light-pollution group in

Arizona, to begin recognizing places that showcase "natural nightscapes" at their clearest. Among the premier picks: Natural Bridges National Monument in Utah and Galloway Forest Park in Scotland. "People are delighted to be in true darkness," says Keith Muir, Galloway's tourism director. "They've never seen it before." —ELAINE GLUSAC

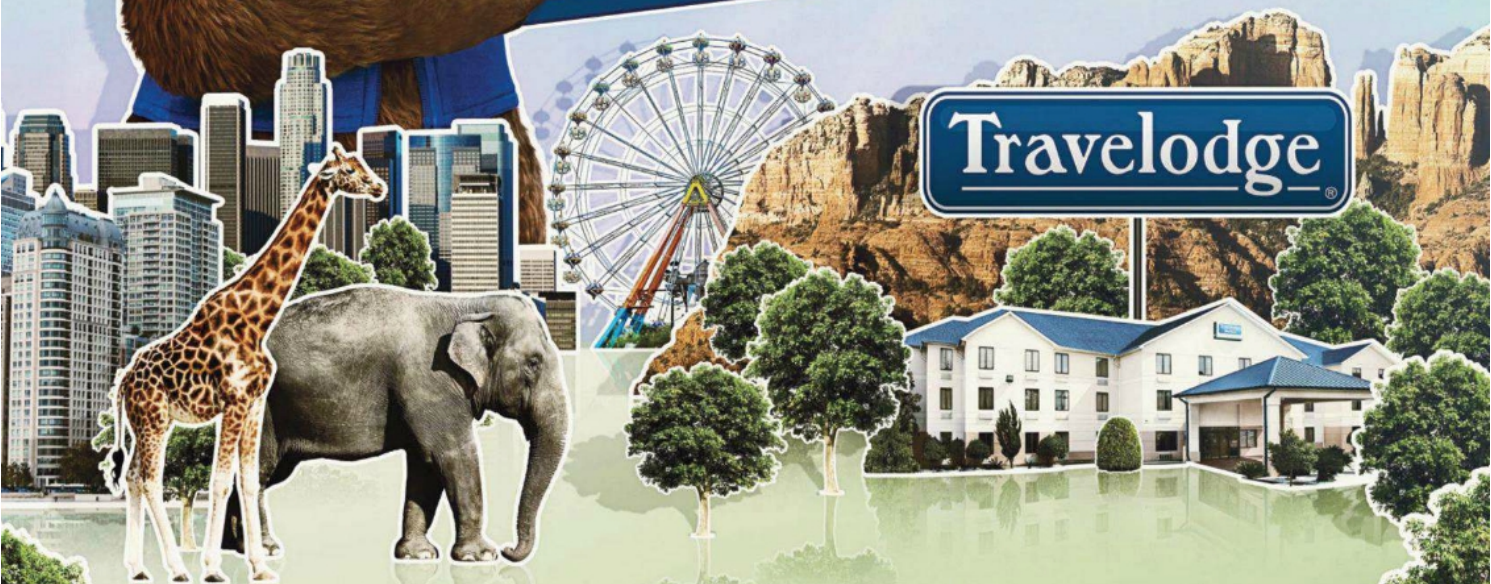
At Utah's Arches National Park, hikers pause to admire Delicate Arch—and the Milky Way.

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ZOOcation



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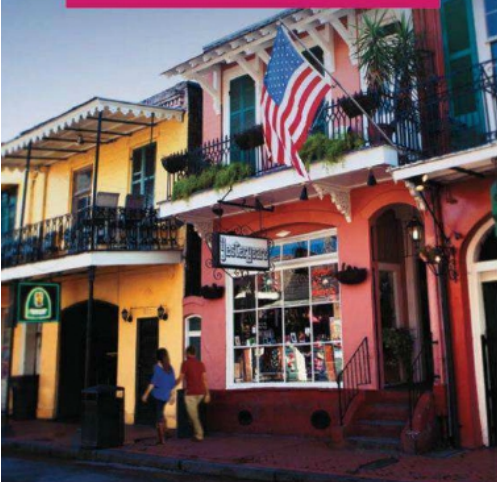
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JUNE 8-10
- ▶ CREOLE TOMATO FESTIVAL
JUNE 9-10
- ▶ CAJUN-ZYDECO FESTIVAL
JUNE 9-10
- ▶ ESSENCE MUSIC FESTIVAL
JULY 6-8
- ▶ TALES OF THE COCKTAIL
JULY 25-29
- ▶ COOLINARY NEW ORLEANS
AUGUST 1-31
- ▶ SATCHMO SUMMERFEST
AUGUST 2-5
- ▶ WHITNEY WHITE LINEN NIGHT
AUGUST 4



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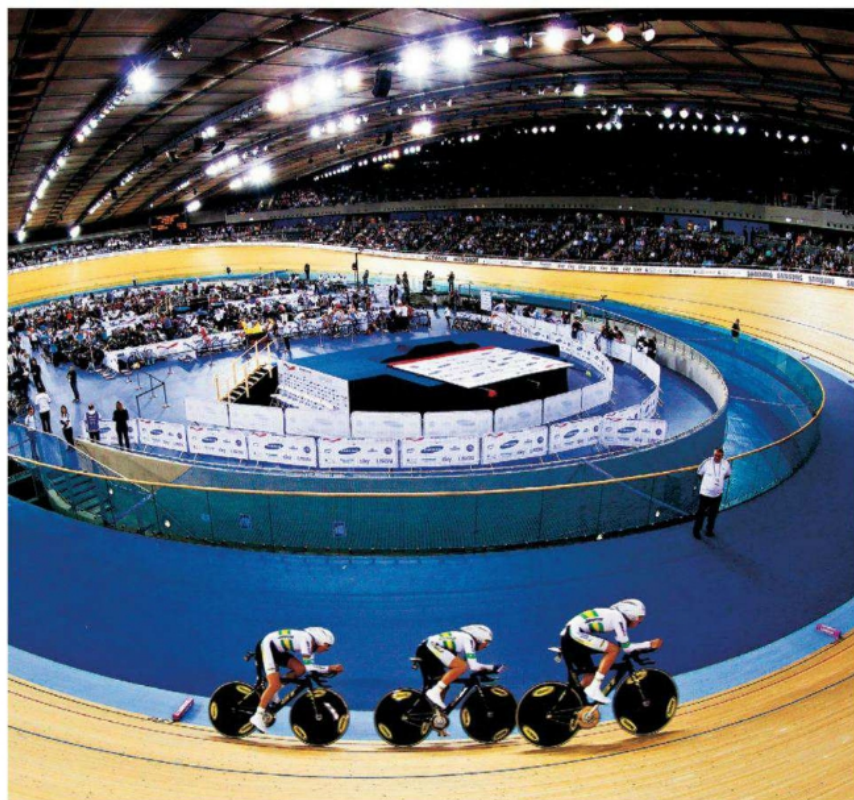
THE EVENT

Let the Games Begin

BRITAIN'S BIGGEST public artwork, Anish Kapoor's bright red "Orbit," debuts July 27 to mark the opening of the **London 2012 Olympics**. Initially, only those with tickets to a sporting event will be able to climb the 374-foot spiraling observation tower, as it's inside Olympic Park, which won't open to the public until spring 2014.

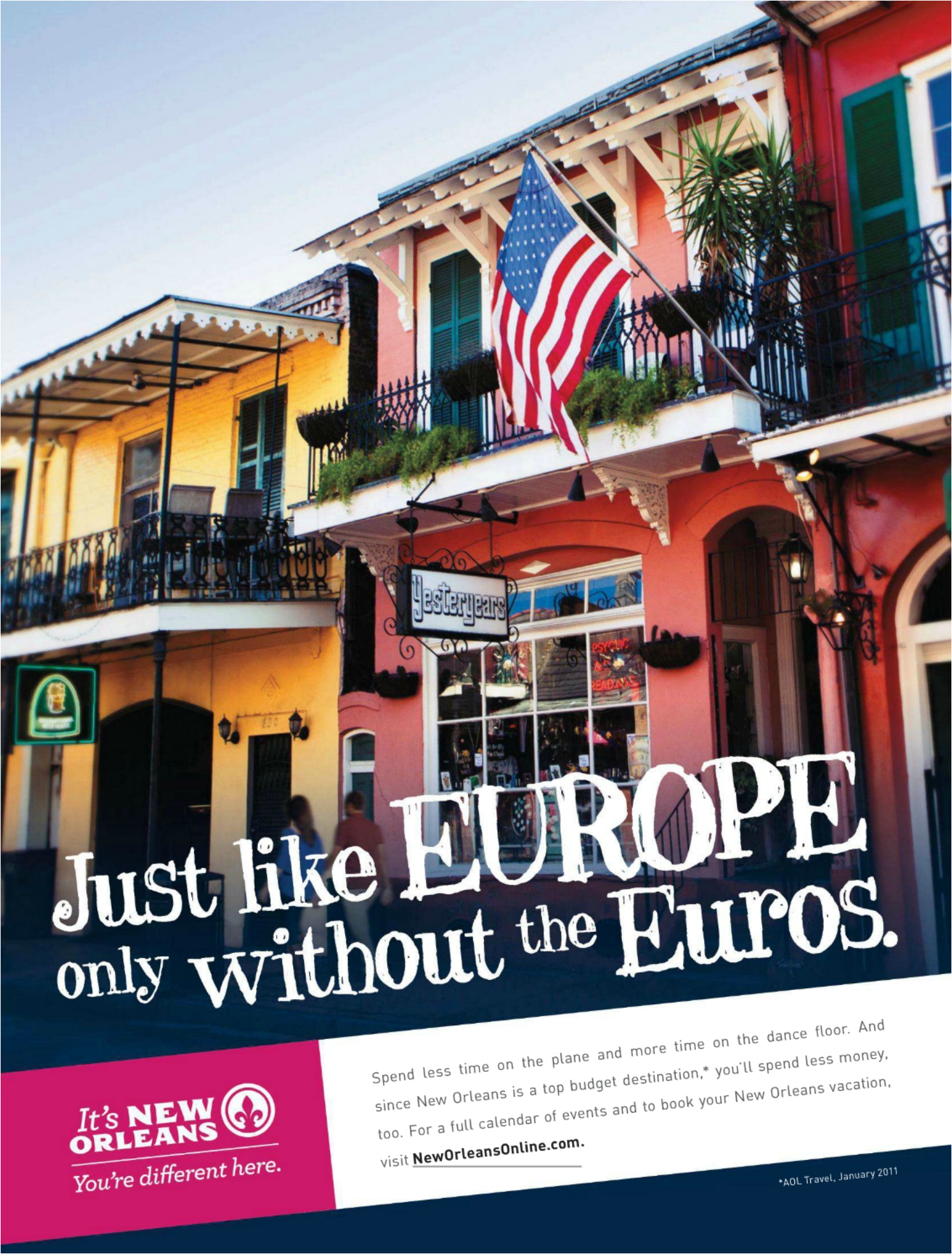
Last-minute tickets may still be found through JetSet Sports or Thomas Cook, but three Olympic events—road cycling, marathon, and part of the triathlon—don't require tickets. Savvy locals will soak up the sporting action at Hyde Park and Victoria Park, which will present live coverage on jumbo screens, sports simulators (hockey, handball), and free concerts. Mingle with athletes and fans at hospitality houses such as Belgian House (based at Inner Temple, a 12th-century Inn of Court) and Africa House (at Kensington Gardens). Casa Brasil takes over the riverside Somerset House and will likely be throwing the town's hottest party, as Brazil gears up for the 2016 Olympics in Rio de Janeiro.

The city also stages the 2012 London Festival, an arts showcase running June 21-September 9. On July 21-22, musical stars from every continent perform at six venues around town for a weekend of free music. The Poetry Parnassus at the Southbank Centre brings together 204 poets, one each from the competing Olympic nations. —RACHEL HOWARD



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SMART TRAVELER

THE MILESTONE

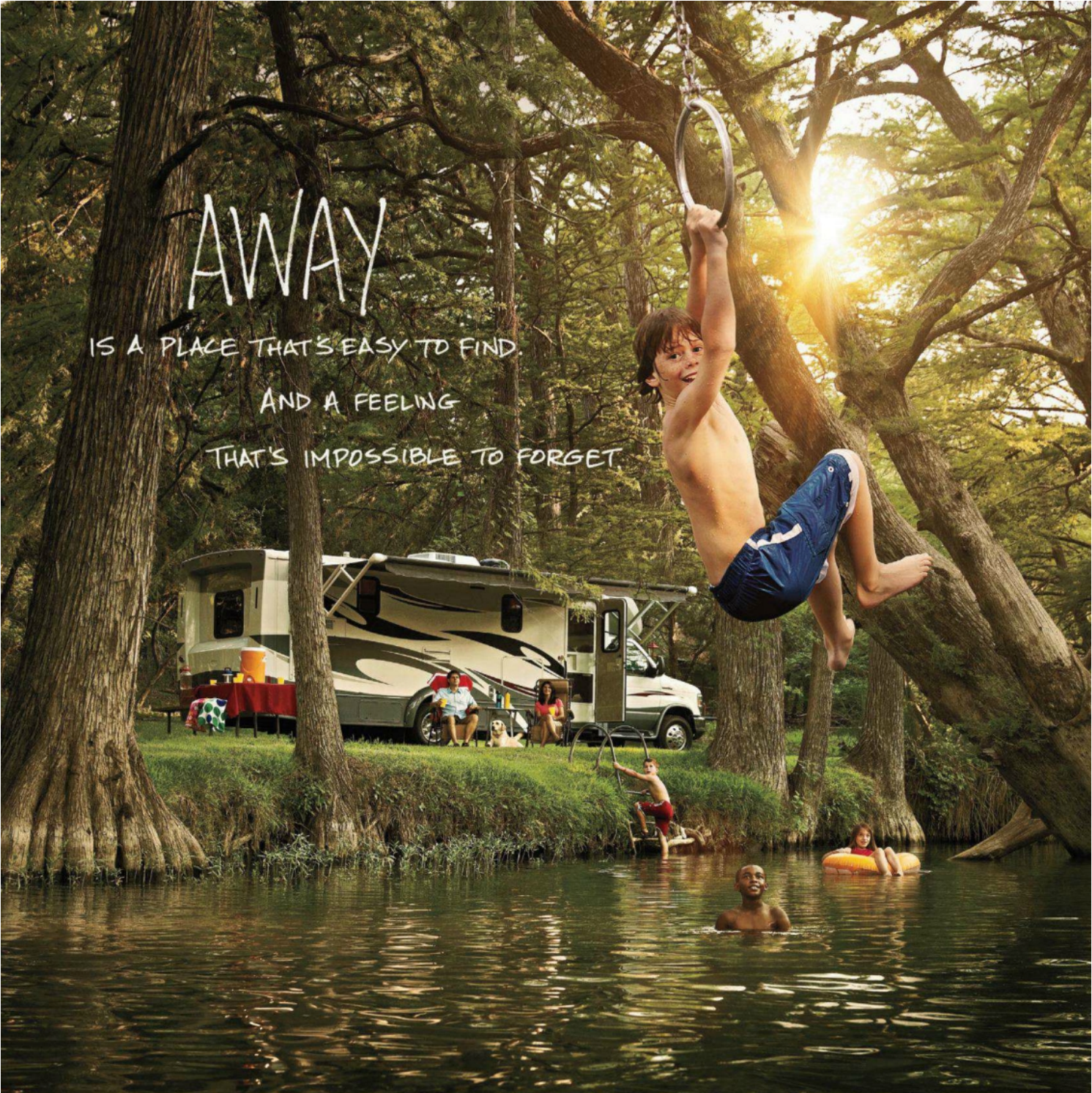
Long Live the Rodeo Star

WESTERN CANADA celebrates **100 years of the Calgary Stampede** July 6-15. Vaudeville star Guy Weadick's vision of an authentic rodeo nods to nostalgia and changing times, now as in 1912. (Even its first program lamented that "the great days of the cowboy have passed.") Today a cosmopolitan oil and gas boomtown, Calgary pays exuberant homage to its bucking-broncos heritage during the "greatest outdoor show on Earth," when residents trade their suits for jeans and ten-gallon hats to party down frontier style and watch top cowboys get thrashed about by angry bulls. As legendary Calgary-area singer and rancher Ian Tyson, the 2012 marshal of the opening day parade, says, "The Stampede is a connection from the old days to the contemporary Western lifestyle." Due to public outcry over horse deaths during the signature chuck wagon race, the Stampede has in recent years instituted strict safety rules, and vets use microchips to monitor animal health. Must-dos: Breakfast on free pancakes (www.flapjackfinder.com), wander tepees at the Indian Village, and visit downtown's Glenbow Museum to see 18 paintings by Charlie Russell—famed for his rich portrayals of the unfenced West—that also showed at the first Stampede. For a break from the fairgrounds' mini-doughnuts, follow Calgarians to the Alley Burger food truck, serving burgers made from Alberta beef. —JEREMY KLASZUS



Stampede Park offers rodeo events, midway rides, grandstand shows, and fireworks.

MARIO TAMM/GETTY IMAGES

A young boy in blue shorts is swinging on a metal ring hanging from a large tree branch. The scene is set in a lush, wooded area with a river in the foreground. In the background, a large white and grey RV is parked on a grassy bank. Several people are visible near the RV, and a dog is sitting on the grass. The sun is shining through the trees, creating a warm, golden light.

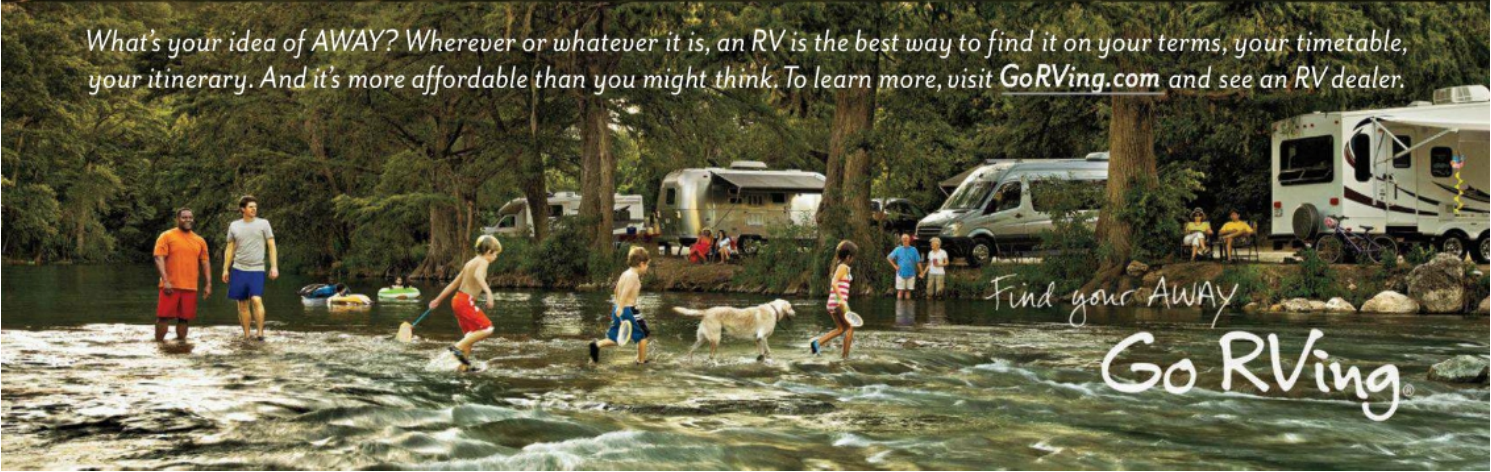
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A group of people and a dog are playing in a river. In the background, several RVs are parked along the riverbank. The scene is lively and captures the essence of a family vacation.

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THE PERSON

Rink Leader

AT EVERY PIVOT, ICE CHIPS spray off the skates of hockey player **Andrew Ference**, the fierce defenseman for the 2011 Stanley Cup-winning Boston Bruins. Outside the arena, 33-year-old Ference treads gently. The avid environmentalist commutes by bicycle to TD Garden, shares the joys of composting at Boston schools, and discusses renewable energy with MIT students. In 2007, inspired by friend and activist David Suzuki, Ference lobbied a challenge to fellow National Hockey League players to go carbon neutral, persuading 500-plus athletes to offset their travel emissions and bringing the green movement into the locker room. He starred this spring in National

Geographic Channel's Web series *Beyond the Puck*.

How did you become an environmentalist? I spent my childhood in Canada playing outside—skating on the ice, making tree forts, snowboarding. My family had our own garden. We composted. I earned my first income collecting bottles from the house to take to the recycling depots. The activism side kicked in when I had kids. I met Dr. Suzuki around then. He pushed me to be more public with my environmentalism.

What's your take on the global state of the environment? Some people's ignorance toward taking simple steps—recycling, even just picking up

trash—to keep places beautiful confuses me. The middle of Africa might have bigger issues to tackle than recycling, but what excuse do we have? It's maddening. On the flip side, some cities are initiating incredible programs, from composting to improving energy efficiency, and these days green technology often makes economic sense, too.

During the off-season, what kind of traveler are you?

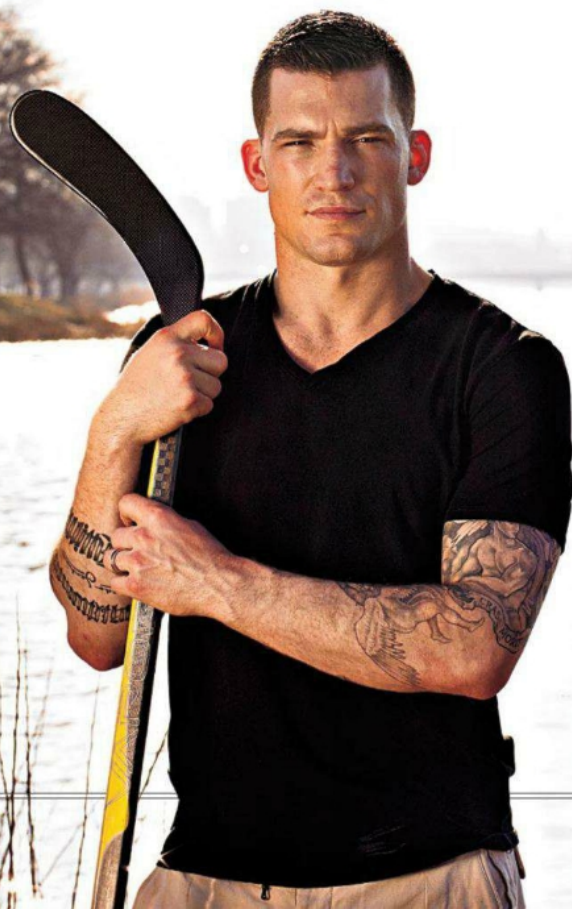
My wife and I always make friends with locals we meet, like with surf instructors who have helped us. We'll go to their houses for dinner, hang out with their friends, learn what the area is really about. I find it silly to do the same things you do at home.

Is travel part of your plan for your kids? Definitely. I want my daughters to learn about life outside our little bubble. Travel is an extension of that. But exposure to the real world isn't all doom and gloom: It's about looking at what others value—and what you can draw happiness from.

Any places change you?

Traveling to Kenya in middle school was an eye-opener. Landing in Nairobi, with crowds following and tugging at us, I couldn't quite comprehend how different it was. And yet we were given great hospitality in communities that have nothing. Getting out of your comfort zone is what travel is all about.

—KEITH BELLOWES



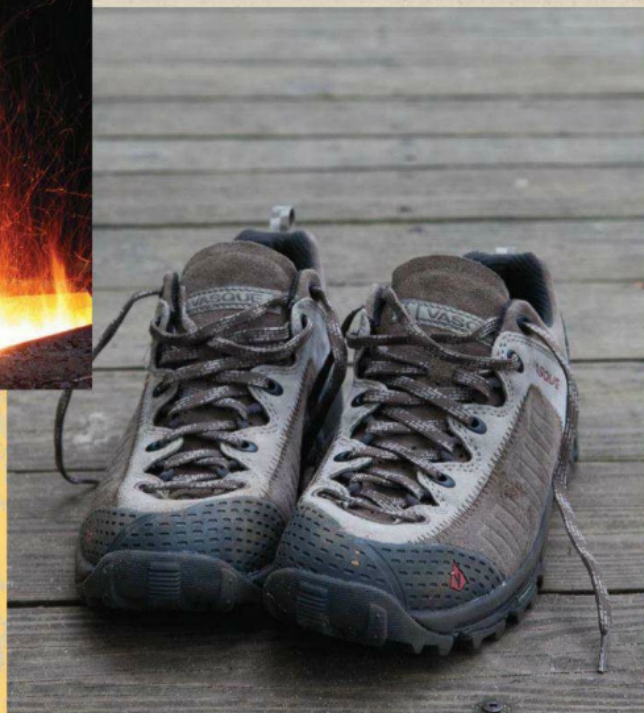
Andrew Ference at the Charles River Esplanade, a Boston park where he often brings his family.



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THE JUXT

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DAISANN McLANE

Robbed? There May Be an Upside

TWELVE YEARS LATER, the memory of that day in Miami remains with me, tender as an old wound. Sometimes I enter a hotel room, and it sneaks up and surprises me, like the sudden stab of pain when a massage therapist digs in too deep. First comes the shock of the broken door lock, the empty closet. Followed by the aches of longing: For the pink cotton dress I bargained like crazy to buy in Ubud, its batik soft as velvet after dozens of hand washings; the clunky, well-worn sandals, entrusted to the shoe minders at so many Indian Hindu temples; my passport, with its two page inserts stamped and scribbled on by eight years of globe-trotting.

Lost, all of it, forever.

Looking back now, I see I did all the things a smart traveler isn't supposed to do. My traveler's radar was off because I wasn't, by my definition, traveling. This was a weekend in Florida, not three weeks in Florence. I was surrounded by old friends; I was practically home. Any remaining trace of caution I threw into the Windex-blue sea and the warm Miami winds that stirred the dry palm trees and tickled the hair on my arms.

As I said, I'd dropped my guard. I hadn't registered the flimsy lock on my door, or other warning signs that would have, in a more foreign locale, made me wary—neglected, mildew-stained walls, spotted carpets bubbling up in the halls. The two policemen who took my theft report shrugged. This hotel had just been sold, they told me, and the staff cut back. Perhaps there were disgruntled ex-employees. Or ones who felt they had nothing to lose by looking the other way. In any case, by gathering my things so I could make a fast getaway, I'd made one easy for the thief, too.

It wasn't the first time I'd had things I cared about taken from me. I've lived in New York City for years and been burgled, had my wallet lifted from my bag, and had my purse snatched twice. Yet nothing compares to the punched-in-the-gut feeling that overwhelmed me in that hotel room: It was all gone. Everything.

The "everything" I lost that morning, amounted to, exactly, one

carry-on bag filled with clothes, a pair of shoes, my passport, and a computer. If somebody had robbed these things from my home, I probably would have been relieved that it wasn't worse. But when we travel, the scale of things shifts. We're no longer the center of gravity in our small, cozy universe; instead we float without tether in a vast, unfamiliar one. We may travel light, but the things we carry become heavier, infused with the emotional heft of who we are and where we come from. Our possessions become home. I don't think of myself as a materialist, but the exaggerated importance I invest in my stuff when I'm on the road can be embarrassing. Once, I kept a group of people on a Havana tour waiting 15 minutes in the bus while I frantically ran back up to the hotel room to retrieve the ratty, damp swimsuit I'd forgotten on the hook behind the bathroom door.

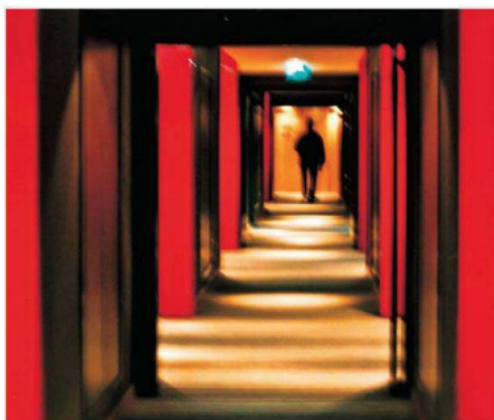
One summer, I had to fly from New York to Kolkata on a day when airport security at JFK had ramped up so high that passengers weren't allowed to carry anything with them on the plane except what could fit into a small plastic bag; everything else had to be checked in. "Now the worst thing that can happen," I quipped to a fellow passenger, "is that the airline loses all our luggage." Somewhere between New York and the stopover in Heathrow, it did. Eight thousand miles and 28 hours later, this bedraggled traveler staggered into the lobby of Kolkata's Oberoi Grand Hotel like a prisoner just released from lockup, with nothing but the clothes on my back and a Ziploc bag containing my passport, wallet, and toothbrush.

You're probably thinking this story will end with a sudden epiphany—*om shanti!*—about the unimportance of material things and the liberation that traveling unencumbered by possessions brings. But no. What happened is this: I had the concierge summon a tailor while I ran around to the bazaar and bought armloads of exquisitely hand-printed Indian cotton fabrics and shawls, along with sundries, new leather sandals, costume jewelry, and a fat duffel bag in which to lug all of my newly acquired material goods. Thus

reencumbered, I carried on with my travels through East India.

By the time the airline phoned, ten days later, and told me it had found my luggage, I had almost forgotten I'd lost it. It surprised me a lot that I rebounded so quickly. Like gas filling a balloon, all the items I collected in Kolkata expanded to fill my empty traveler's bag, and heart. That's when it hit me: The ache I feel for things that have gone missing while traveling isn't completely about the things themselves. Lurking within that pain is a darker shadow of sadness, the realization that eventually life's losses will amount to far more than Balinese summer dresses and beloved clunky sandals.

The anguish of losing something small when we travel makes us tougher, better able to handle the next unexpected loss down the road. I still feel a sore spot in my soul when I think of that long-gone passport with the amazing visas. Still, I am grateful to that Miami thief, and to travel, for the rehearsals. ■



Life on the road holds perils—and payoffs.

DAISANN McLANE is an editor at large. Follow her on Twitter, @Daisann_McLane.

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BOYD MATSON

We've Got Spirit, Yes, We Do

OUR MARCHING ORDERS READ: "Show up at 9 a.m. wearing sandals, sunscreen, and sunglasses. We'll take care of the rest." The rest, I'm now discovering while pulling on garish, flowery surfer shorts, is an homage to Jimmy Buffett, or what *Vogue* would call "a fashion don't for men." But on the Fourth of July in Telluride, Colorado, traditional style rules go up in fireworks. That's particularly evident on Colorado Avenue, a six-block stretch of asphalt where the town and half the surrounding counties gather to celebrate. It's also where I and 29 other guys will be sporting stuffed parrots on our heads.

Telluride on the Fourth is everything I love about small-town parades. It's a celebration that captures the spirit of America—the idea that every voice should be heard, every person encouraged to speak up to say a collective "Happy Birthday, America!" Telluride's parade is the ultimate in participatory democracy, because even those not marching come dripping in patriotic regalia. In heart and costume the performers and spectators are one.

I've been to the Rose Parade, the Macy's Thanksgiving extravaganza, and other classic events where it seemed you were there to cheer for the celebrities and applaud the workmanship of professional float builders. Sure, seeing a rolling depiction of man landing on the moon, constructed of hundreds of thousands of delicate roses, inspires oohs and aahs. But in places like Telluride, you're at the parade to applaud your family, neighbors, and friends. The floats might be kids waving in wagons pulled by their parents and civic clubs tossing candy to the crowd from the beds of pickups, spaced out among dogs in bandannas and folks on Harleys.

Over the years, I've witnessed this same spirit in numerous small towns, such as Crested Butte, another old Colorado mining community turned resort town. At one parade there, participants included ladies in saloon-era dresses on roller skates and anyone who owned a unicycle, a pre-1970 car, a horse, or a pair of stilts. My favorite float was a flatbed tractor-trailer with a zip line, on which

the mayor rode over a burning fire pit and landed in a hot tub at the other end. Presumably, the message was "Let's party, America!" Who wouldn't cheer that sentiment? Best of all, in Crested Butte, the parade always ends in a townwide water fight.

Back in the mid-nineties there was one group in Telluride noticeably absent from the spectacle. Oh, these merry-makers would wear the red, white, and blue on the sidelines and cheer loudly for those who did march, but they lacked the confidence to step onto the main stage, probably because they didn't play instruments, didn't look good in sequins, and most of all were incapable of learning the simplest dance moves—or even marching in step for more than three paces. But in 1997, local Stu Fraser (now the mayor), after watching his wife, Ginny, march in a group called the Raucherettes, decided men should also have the pleasure of making fools of themselves in public. Six months later, he woke up in the middle of the night, turned to his wife, and grunted, "Men without rhythm." She replied, "The parade." That brief dialogue, which might be worthy of analysis in a different magazine, launched Stu's all-inclusive concept.

That 2 a.m. revelation is the reason that on this Fourth of July, an hour before the start of the parade, I'm sipping margaritas in a parking lot with a group of individuals trying desperately to master

Ginny's choreography for "Margaritaville" and "Cheeseburger in Paradise." After we rehearse both songs a couple of times, the jury is in, the verdict unanimous. We are all starring in the role we were born to play: Men Without Rhythm. There is some question as to whether the half hour of practice or the half hour of drinking better prepares us.

Over the years, Men Without Rhythm have, to paraphrase Thoreau, marched to the beat of a variety of drummers. One time it was Elvis; another year it was the Blues Brothers. The most embarrassing costume, according to Stu, was the Disco Chicks year, when the guys donned bright skirts and

rainbow clown wigs. The most elaborate concept was the wedding theme, which included a real eight-minute ceremony, right there in front of the judges' stand. The guys carried canes, performed "Puttin' on the Ritz," and wore top hats, bow ties, and white gloves.

Bottom line: If you are ever in or near a small town in America on the Fourth of July, go to the parade. And if you feel like marching or dancing, join in. Based on my experience, at least for one day, you'll feel as though you're part of something bigger, something special. A word of caution, though: Your outlandish getup won't receive the same reaction any other day. As part of our uniform, the Men Without Rhythm also wear temporary tattoos of cartoon characters. Mine is a Tinker Bell decal on my neck. The day after the parade, at the airport, the Transportation Security Administration agent stares at me for a minute, then asks, "Do you have a granddaughter?" I hesitate. It's a security question I've never been asked. Finally, realizing she's staring at my neck, I mutter a vague explanation. Then I hurry toward my gate before she orders a full-body search. ■



United we walk: Small-town parades go big.



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CHRISTOPHER ELLIOTT

The Nerve of It All

IF YOU'RE TAKING a cruise in the eastern Mediterranean this summer, you might see the capsized hull of the *Costa Concordia* near the Italian port of Civitavecchia, off Giglio Island. The partially sunken ship will likely dredge up an emotion from deep in the subconscious of many travelers: a primal fear that their own cruise ship will sink (or catch on fire as another Costa vessel did earlier this year), that their hotel will burn to the ground, or—the mother of all travel phobias—that their plane will fall out of the sky, exploding on impact just like in the movies. ¶ Up to 13 percent of people fear flying at some point in their lives, according to psychologist Jonathan Bricker of the University of Washington,

though many experts believe the actual number is far higher.

And up to 1 in 10 has a fear of drowning. (Avoid the 3-D version of *Titanic* if you fall in that category.) "I'm really worried," said Betty Westbrook, a reader from Allen, Texas, who contacted me after the *Costa* sinking to see if she could cancel her Caribbean cruise. She told me the news coverage of the accident made her rethink the idea of a vacation at sea. (She eventually went and had a great time.)

It's enough to make anyone reach for the Xanax. My own personal travel nightmare is getting swept away by a monster wave. Being evacuated from my Hawaii hotel after a tsunami alert last year—a false alarm, fortunately—didn't help.

But what, really, are the chances any of our hidden nightmares will come true? Here, the actuaries who compile risk tables might work better than anti-anxiety pills. The probability of your next cruise goin' all *Titanic*? No reliable numbers exist, so I crunched my own out of the publicly available statistics. Not counting the recent *Costa Concordia* incident, it's 1 in 6 million. Death by tsunami? For the average landlocked American with two weeks of beach vacation, it's highly improbable. Turns out we're far more likely to be hit by lightning: a probability of 1 in a million annually, according to the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (although as a Floridian, I have worse odds, says Fred Kilbourne, who, as a matter

of fact, is an actuary). As for the odds of dying in a commercial jet crash: around 1 in 11 million.

A word about the numbers quoted here: They range widely, depending on the factors used, but while experts can quibble over the specifics, they agree on one thing: These are highly unlikely events. So if the people who run the life insurance numbers aren't worried, maybe we shouldn't be either. Here's even better news: If your plane does crash in the U.S., there's a 95.7 percent chance of surviving, according to the National Transportation Safety Board.

Another common tourist's fear, dying from a terrorist attack, is similarly improbable. Of course, there again, it depends on how you define "terrorist" and "tourist." But any way you look at it, there are other things far likelier to kill you. In fact, the attack you should be concerned with is a heart attack, since you're 23,976 times as likely to expire from heart disease as from an evil-doing extremist.

To paraphrase pop psychologist Wayne Dyer, why worry about the things you can't control? Instead, worry about the things you *can* control. Like what? "Traffic accidents," says Alex Puig, a regional security director at International SOS, a travel assistance company based near Philadelphia. "More than anything else, they represent the main risk—anywhere, but especially in a foreign country."

Indeed, an average of 3,287 people die in a car crash every day around the world, and your odds of perishing in one are a brow-raising 1 in 88.

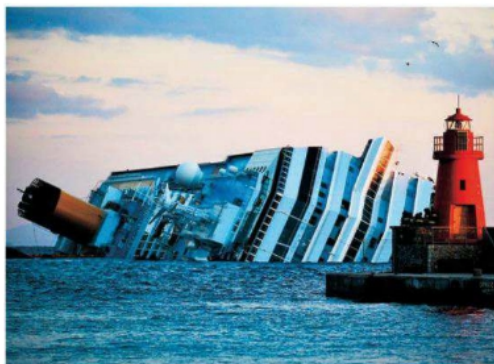
You can reduce those chances. Puig recommends that if you're traveling abroad, you leave the driving to someone else unless you know the roads well, which I interpret to mean you were born and raised there. Otherwise, hire a driver or take some other safe and reliable mode of transit (think train, not rickshaw).

Here's another statistic that travelers so focused on dying in a fiery or otherwise graphic manner, like a shark attack, rarely consider: If you're visiting a developing country, there's a 5 to

8 percent chance of requiring medical care. Hospitals can be iffy; you might get taken to a clinic that approaches U.S. standards, or you could have your broken bone set by the local medicine man. Fortunately, you aren't completely subject to the Fates here either: You can buy travel insurance and a medical evacuation plan, carry a first-aid kit, and of course take common-sense precautions such as not swimming in an area where sharks have been sighted.

Not only are we fretting about the wrong things, but we don't know when to stop. As this magazine's reader advocate, I spend a fair amount of time fielding frivolous complaints from travelers who are torqued that their travel agent screwed up the dinner reservations on their cruise or that the pool in their hotel wasn't open during their stay. People, I sometimes want to say, you didn't drown and you didn't pick up a nasty norovirus. Enough already.

So next time you travel, plan for things you can control. And do all your worrying in the cab on your way to the airport, which is arguably the most dangerous part of your trip. ■



Fear factor: the Costa Concordia earlier this year.

Editor at large CHRISTOPHER ELLIOTT writes about consumer travel issues. E-mail him at celliott@ngs.org.

COSTAS CHRIST

Green Class: Ready for Takeoff?

A COOL MIST falls as I navigate among moss-covered trees and clumps of nettles, grabbing at vines to pull myself up Mount Visoke in Rwanda. It's 1987 and mountain gorillas are teetering on the edge of extinction—there are fewer than 300 of these great apes left in the wild. My guide stops suddenly and motions for me to get low to the ground. He grunts, alerting the gorillas that humans are in their midst, then he slowly parts the underbrush: Ten feet away is a family of five; the silverback gazes at me and then continues digging up shoots to eat. It remains one of my most indelible travel memories. ¶ Today, thanks in part to tourists

visiting with distant primate cousins in the jungle, the mountain gorilla population has more than doubled—a step back from the brink of extinction. An incredible achievement. Ah, but here's the rub: To reach these precious wildlife enclaves travelers must fly, spewing carbon dioxide into the atmosphere and accelerating climate change that threatens the Earth we aim to protect.

So how do we get air travel right, both now and for the future? It's a nagging issue that airlines are increasingly under pressure to address. Aviation actually contributes some 3 percent of global carbon emissions. Compared with deforestation, which accounts for almost 20 percent of harmful CO₂—more than all forms of transportation combined—that isn't much.

Yet more planes are taking off each year and releasing carbon—up more than 11 percent from 2005 to 2010. In response, airlines are investing heavily in green technology, like upgrading old fleets with newer, more fuel-efficient aircraft. Case in point: Singapore Airlines recently added to its popular JFK service the Airbus A380—one of the most advanced planes in the sky, which has the potential to burn some 20 percent less fuel than most other aircraft. In April, Japan Airlines rolled out the Boeing 787 Dreamliner, billed as the world's first “eco-friendly” airplane for its lighter composite construction, fuel-efficient engines, and improved aerodynamics (proponents compare it to driving a hybrid car). But on a planet already facing

the impact of climate change, from the bleaching of coral reefs to the shrinking of sea ice, many say it is not enough.

In January 2012, the European Union demanded that airlines reduce emissions or pay a pollution tax in order to land on European runways. But many airlines are balking at the potential price—\$670 million in 2012 alone and predicted to rise, according to one study. More than two dozen countries have objected to the rules as expensive and unfair.

One airline that has agreed to abide by the new EU rules is Virgin Atlantic. “We need to be thinking much bigger,” says its visionary founder and CEO, Richard Branson. “We have to replace the conventional dirty fuels we rely on that are destroying the planet.” Branson has pledged more than a billion dollars toward alternative-fuel research in a bid to change aviation history. Last October, Virgin announced it is getting closer: Using technology to recycle industrial waste gases from steel production, it has developed an alternative fuel that Branson claims will halve the carbon emissions of today's standard jet fuel. Virgin plans to launch the first “demo” flight within the next 12 months and begin long-haul routes in two to three years. “This is a major step toward radically reducing our carbon footprint from air travel,” Branson told me.

That is the kind of approach needed so we can maintain the conservation benefits flying can deliver: In Brazil, nearly half of the Pantanal, arguably the world's largest freshwater wetland, has become a giant holding pen for the beef industry; that tourists are willing to travel there to see its rare wildlife may help save it from destruction. And in the seas from the Philippines to the Solomon Islands (the famed Coral Triangle), home to more fish and coral species than any other place on the planet, tourism dollars are a key incentive for governments to create marine reserves as a refuge from high-tech fishing trawlers. All of which keeps me taking off for far-flung destinations.

Until we can fly green class, what's a well-meaning traveler to do? Here are a few stop-gap measures: Buy carbon offsets from a reputable, independently audited group (two good ones are myclimate.org and climatecare.org) so that when you take to the skies, the carbon emitted is neutralized by renewable-energy projects. Also, that old travel tip to pack lighter has a new green meaning—fewer pounds of luggage add up to a lot of fuel savings. Book yourself on the most ecological route—routeRANK.com is a travel search engine endorsed by World Wildlife Fund that can help you do that. And consider longer but fewer trips: Beyond the carbon savings, you'll benefit from the deep dives into local nature and culture.

What's next on my bucket list? Indonesia's Tanjung Puting National Park on Borneo. In this remote rain forest frontier resides another distant relation also dangling on the thread of extinction—the orangutan. Tourism is helping to keep that thread from breaking. Call it the power of travel. ■



The fuel efficient Boeing 787 Dreamliner.

Editor at large **COSTAS CHRIST** writes about the changing world of travel. E-mail him through Travel_Talk@ngs.org.

Welcome to Whistler's warmer side

Celebrate summer like you did as a child by visiting the mountain playground of Whistler. The refreshing air and stunning scenery will immediately lighten your soul and fill you with youthful enthusiasm, and that is only the beginning. An escape to Whistler will revive your memories of perfect summers as you explore the lofty peaks, plunge into the clear mountain waters, or unwind in the valley.



Photo: Kevin Arnold



Photo: Mike Crane



Photo: Stefanie Lorence

Mountain Memories

While skiing on Horstman Glacier extends into summer, Whistler's slopes flourish with adventure as the weather warms. Mountain biking is thrilling for all levels with expert terrain, a bike park, and easy trails for beginners, all accessible by the expansive lift-service. Hiking trails can be found throughout the area's diverse ecosystem, and for spectacular views and access to alpine meadows and lush rain forests, the PEAK 2 PEAK Gondola ride is unsurpassed.

Wonderful Waters

Soaking in Whistler's majestic mountains while dipping in the fresh lakes is the best way to cool off during a warm day. The sandy beaches of Lost Lake Park are prime for lounging and picnicking

with the whole family—even the dog! Alta Lake offers beach volleyball courts, children's play spaces, and plenty of room to relax. Nearly every water source in the vicinity offers canoeing, kayaking, and swimming. When the snow melts, the rivers run rapid and offer white-water rafting with many excursion options. Anglers will head to pristine freshwater streams for rainbow trout, Dolly Varden char, or salmon.

Valley Views

Run, rollerblade, or bike the 40-kilometer Valley Trail that connects the verdant parks, beaches, and lakes in the valley. The picturesque, pedestrian-only Whistler Village draws crowds for its distinctive shops and restaurants. Stop over at Olympic Plaza for events

or to view memorabilia from the 2010 Games, and stroll the stone walkways to find entertainers and musicians amusing visitors and locals alike. Four signature golf courses pepper the area and offer some of the best opportunities to see the alpine vistas.



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Cape Town Calling

FROM PENGUINS TO POLITICS IN THIS WORLDLY SOUTH AFRICAN CITY

By KAREN LEIGH

YES, VINEYARDS MAY surround it, and oenophiles may sip glass after glass at its waterside cafés, but there's more to Cape Town than wine. This sunny coastal city, long divided between the wealthy metropolis and outlying townships, was revitalized by the 2010 World Cup, with improvements to public transportation and the grimy downtown area known as City Bowl. Main draws include hiking, kite-surfing, miles of sandy beaches, and a world-class shopping and dining scene, all less than an hour and a half's drive to the storied Cape of Good Hope. Nevertheless, ongoing racial tensions—though not a

threat to visitors' safety in central areas of town—are a haunting legacy of apartheid.

WHAT TO DO After a multimillion-dollar renovation, the **Robben Island Museum**, where former President Nelson Mandela spent 18 of his 27 years in prison during apartheid, reopened to the public in 1997. Visitors arrive at the World Heritage site by ferries departing from a waterfront terminal and are taken to what used to be the island's maximum-security prison, where they see Mandela's cell. The island also serves as a nature conservation area, home to the African penguin and herds of springbok, South Africa's beloved national mascot.

The frequently foggy flat top of Table Mountain, in expansive **Table Mountain National Park**, dominates this city's every vista. Most tourists opt to take an aerial cableway, which reaches the top in five minutes, though there's a steep path all the way to the summit for hardy hikers. Once there, replenish at the Table Mountain Café. Visitors meander along level hiking trails or simply admire the view from a bench near the mountain's edge.

On the other side of the park is the **Silvermine Nature Reserve**. Once a site of Dutch silver prospecting, it's now a popular spot for a leisurely stroll and features a wheelchair-accessible boardwalk. "Being



The Twelve Apostles range graces Camps Bay, one of Cape Town's best beaches.

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here feels as if you're in the countryside," says Kathryn Pettit, business and project manager at Cape Town's African Impact, a leading volunteer-tourism organization. "The lake is always warm and a deep red in color."

At the foot of Table Mountain and covering more than 1,235 acres, the **Kirstenbosch National Botanic Garden** was the first garden devoted to flora native to South Africa. A sculpture garden displays contemporary African stone artwork. Easy-to-follow trails wind through fynbos (shrubland) and mountain forest. The strenuous Smuts Track (named after former Prime Minister Jan Smuts) traverses Skeleton Gorge. In summer, a Sunday-evening concert series brings out residents and tourists.

In a sprawling art deco building, the **South African National Gallery's** permanent collection includes African and European art, beadwork, masks, and sculpture, and its temporary exhibits showcase local talent, such as Peter Clarke, whose multimedia works have made him one of Cape Town's most acclaimed artists.

Nearby stand the **Houses of Parliament**, with their porticos, red walls, and towering white columns. Dating back to 1885, the complex includes the Library of Parliament and is the site of the annual State of the Nation address. Buy tickets for the public gallery and check out the live parliamentary sessions (only allowed the first six months of the year), or take a guided tour of the facilities. Afterward, walk next door to the **Tuynhuys**, South Africa's official presidential



residence. From its famous steps in 1992, former President F. W. de Klerk announced that his country had "closed the door" on apartheid.

WHERE TO SHOP Situated on a tree-shaded, cobbled square in the business district, the open-air **Green Market** has aisles packed with jewelry, textiles, paintings, and curiosities from every corner of South Africa—but be prepared to haggle. Musicians and other characters populate the square, built

in 1696 as a trading post; find a good bench to sit and people-watch.

The **Victoria and Alfred Waterfront** is Cape Town's epicenter for shopping and dining. More than 450 retail outlets have set up shop here, flanked by a breezy seaside boardwalk. Check out the Victorian Gothic-style clock tower and then hop a ride on the 131-foot-high observation wheel.

Surrounding an outdoor courtyard, the shops at **Cape Quarter Lifestyle Village**—a development in the chic Green Point neighborhood—sell contemporary African crafts, locally designed fashions, and home decor. The Quarter is designed in the Cape Malay architectural style influenced by the area's Dutch settlers, with dark beams and multicolored facades.

The **Red Shed Craft Workshop**, on the V&A Waterfront, provides an alternative to megamall glitz. Bargain hunters troll stalls for recycled-glass vases, antique silver jewelry from Ethiopia, and hand-painted cushions in safari animal shapes.

WHERE TO EAT Long Street—a traditional backpackers' hub—is lined with one-of-a-kind craft shops and eateries in every price range, open until early morning, when Cape Town's liveliest avenue finally closes down. The menu at **Long Street Café**, located in a former bookstore, runs the quirky gamut from Thai wraps to waffles and ice cream. Join the cosmopolitan crowd for Wednesday night karaoke. Down the street, **Lola's** lists its fare on a chalkboard: sweet corn fritters, anchovies on toast, and steamed west coast mussels. At **Fork**, the seasonal small-plates menu ranges from deep-fried goat cheese with port-and-onion marmalade to mini kudu (antelope) fillets with chili potato puree.

In Camps Bay, an affluent area sandwiched between white-sand beaches and the far side of Table Mountain, **Camps Bay Retreat** hotel holds a traditional South African *braai* (barbecue) on Wednesdays and Saturdays amid impeccable lawns, herb gardens, and restored fynbos (\$39 per person).

Roundhouse, in a 1786 former guard station, features contemporary South African cuisine and a long wine list. Its more casual, outdoor sister, **Rumbullion**, serves picnic-style breakfasts and lunch pizzas with expansive views of Camps Bay and the Twelve Apostles mountain range.

Though its decor and formal ambience now come off as a bit dated, **La Perla** in beachy Sea Point has become a local legend since opening in 1959 (Marlene Dietrich once ate here). Stick to the fresh seafood, and request a seat on the recently refurbished terrace, a popular spot for "sundowners," the British colonial tradition of outdoor sunset cocktails. ■



Fork restaurant (above) looks out onto nightlife hub Long Street. During apartheid, Nelson Mandela spent 18 years in Robben Island Prison, now a museum (top).



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Fjord Hopping

FARMSTEADS TURN NORWAY INTO A MIDSUMMER'S DREAM

By RAPHAEL KADUSHIN



The 1850s Nes Gard bed-and-breakfast is a traditional Norwegian farmhouse overlooking the 128-mile-long Sognefjord.

THE UPSTART CHIC resort, complete with the inevitable martini bar and spa, may be taking root just about everywhere these days. But in Norway, the trendiest things going are the centuries-old farmsteads that have been converted into all-purpose Nordic getaways. The top-of-the-world retreats are at their best in the summer, when the diversions include everything from river rafting to alfresco concerts, and the views are particularly ethereal. True, you won't see any stylish infinity pools outside your window. But the timeless curve of a Norwegian fjord should make up for that.

OLD GUARD The pastoral **Nes Gard** inn sits at the end of the Sognefjord, Norway's longest and deepest fjord, and the most appropriate

approach is by boat from Bergen (express buses and boats also stop at the nearby town of Sogndal). The circa 1850 bed-and-breakfast, on land owned by the same intrepid family for nearly 200 years, features a total of 14 rooms (nine with private bath), and the inn provides enough activities to approximate a Nordic triathlon. Guided and independent hikes on more than 30 marked mountain and glacier trails take you past Feigum Waterfall, one of Scandinavia's highest, while bicycle day trips along lakeside roads take you to the oldest stave church in Norway. But you can also dive into the fjord, paddle a rowboat, hire a motorboat, and ski the nearby mountain peaks even in mid-July, in the land where things are slow to thaw. "Or our guests can just pick the sweet cherries,

plums, and apples from our orchard," says manager Asbjørn Månun, who knows visitors will be content to sit and enjoy the scenery. From \$78 per person per night.

A ROYAL FIT West Norway's charming **Eide Gard** offers four guest rooms in its bed-and-breakfast overlooking a shimmering slice of the Olensfjord. The homey rooms are a typical haven of carved wooden beds and duvets embroidered with colorful floral garlands, but it was the culinary flair of owner Johanne Marie Heggebø that lured Norway's Crown Prince Haakon and his wife to the outpost in 2009. While guests can hunt for mountain cloudberry themselves, most prefer to let Heggebø source her own ingredients for a locavore feast. "I like to make dishes with a flavor of the area,

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Take the road less traveled.



Light fills a cozy room at Sygard Grytting, a family-run inn and farm that dates to 1300 near Lillehammer, Norway.

like salmon or a soup made of blue mussels," she says. Also evoking the flavor of the area is the freestanding summerhouse where Heggebo serves the food, in front of an open fire, while guests sit on benches cushioned by sheep fleece. From \$173 for a double room.

MOUNTAIN MUSICALS Located in south-central Norway, 44 miles north of Lillehammer, **Sygard Grytting** is one of Norway's oldest wooden hotels. During the summer season you can slumber in the 700-year-old "langloft," the only medieval hostel still in use in Norway, where the spare accommodations are limited to bunk beds. But most guests opt for the comfort of the 17th- to 19th-century log buildings featuring rooms dressed up with lace curtains and iron beds with pillowy duvets. Dining at the inn is one of the highlights for guests. Home-cooked meals are prepared with lamb from the farm, local elk and reindeer, and fresh lake trout. The farm's berries are turned into comforting cobbles. Fittingly, Hilde and Stig Grytting, the 16th-generation owners of the inn, make sure guests get a dose of real cultural immersion. In winter that means sleigh rides. But summer offers a full calendar of outdoor events, including mountain concerts of Norwegian folk music and the epic lakeside performance, in August, of Henrik Ibsen's classic play *Peer Gynt*. From \$91 at the langloft and \$173 for the other buildings.

MIDSUMMER DREAMS Situated above the Nordfjord in western Norway, **Nedreberg** is as much an open-air museum as a rustic inn. Guests can join the monthly knitting club in the 19th-century schoolhouse, feed horses in the riding paddock, learn how to bake Norwegian flatbread, and brew beer in the summerhouse kitchen. The farm's museum exhibits pay homage to regional textiles. The most popular guest rooms are in wooden houses spread out over the farmstead, which offer decorative wooden beds painted cherry red. By June, once things thaw, the more adventurous can make the 30-minute hike up through hills to the summer farm, where there are three beds, a loft for children, and the sleep-inducing music of a mountain river flowing just outside. From \$87 at the summer farm and \$258 at the inn. ■

JERI HANRAH

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Slices of Ibérico ham are carved by hand and best sampled without any condiments.

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Kids measure their wingspans against the outlines of native birds in the rain forest area of the Capilano Suspension Bridge.

Fresh Air in Vancouver

GET YOUR GRASS STAINS ON WITH THESE OUTDOOR ADVENTURES

By LORA SHINN

NO DESTINATION rolls out the green carpet better than Vancouver, British Columbia. This city, filled with more than 200 parks, doubles as a giant playground, poised on the Strait of Georgia. "Summer is the perfect time to visit Vancouver," says Patricia Thomson, executive director of the Stanley Park Ecology Society. "If it's a hot day, you can enjoy sandy beaches or, in a two-minute walk, pop into cool forest trails to see trees more than 600 years old."

TREETOP TRAILS Crossing the **Capilano Suspension Bridge** has been an I-dare-you experience since 1889. At the year-old Cliffwalk, follow suspended and cantilevered walkways, some of them glass, edging a sheer granite face high above the canyon. Then, step onto the 450-foot-long suspension bridge 230 feet in the air over

the Capilano River. Across the canyon, kids take the lead at **Treetops Adventure**, a network of cable bridges and platforms at bird-level viewpoints; listen and look for herons and woodpeckers.

MOUNTAIN HIGH Only 15 minutes from downtown Vancouver, **Grouse Mountain** offers a ski resort inside city limits. On a clear day, board the Swiss-engineered Skyride gondola for the one-mile ascent (a window-facing spot may offer glimpses of wolves). At the resort, a golden eagle hunts prey at the Birds in Motion demo, grizzly bears nuzzle at the Wildlife Refuge, and rangers clue kids in on fun facts, such as how barn owls are the stealth bombers of the bird world. The on-site **Lupins Café** dishes up Canadian *poutine* (french fries smothered in cheese curds and gravy) and views of Vancouver Island.

PARK PLEASURES Larger than Central Park in New York City, **Stanley Park** connects North Vancouver's mountains with the city. Rent bikes and cycle the park's seawall past a collection of totem poles at Brockton Point. More than 40 miles of fir-scented hikes thread through the park; glimpse a beaver lodge along the Beaver Lake Nature Trail. Board a miniature train and chug through a temperate rain forest.

TOP FLIGHT For a serious thrill, climb aboard a seaplane with carbon-neutral **Harbour Air** for an aerial tour of the city, surrounding parks and beaches, and North Shore Mountains. The propeller-powered planes take off and land in Coal Harbour. As you swoop over the city's Granville Market and the Convention Center's grass-covered rooftop, you may find that green isn't just a color but a Vancouver state of mind. ■



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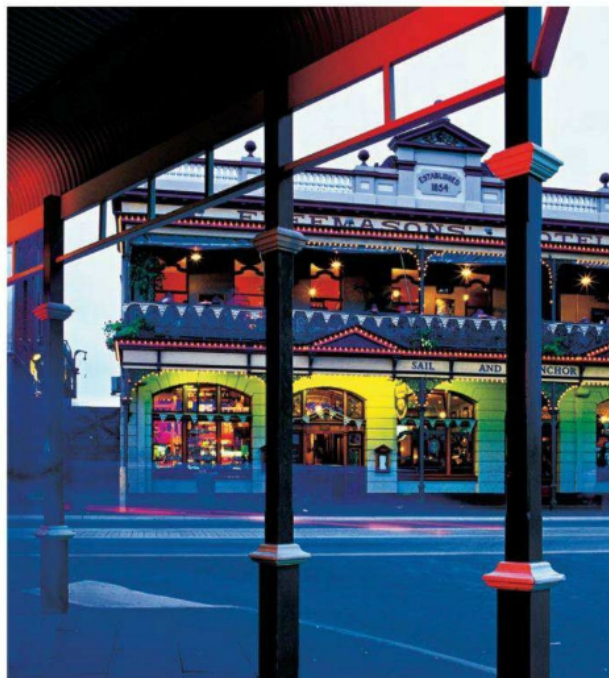
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Fremantle features century-old limestone buildings (left) and house-crafted beer from the Little Creatures Brewery (right).

Down Under Delights

OFF-THE-SHIP EXCURSIONS IN FREMANTLE, AN EASYGOING AUSSIE TOWN

By CARMEN JENNER

ONCE AUSTRALIA'S roughest port town ruled by those of ill repute, Fremantle or "Freo," 30 minutes southwest of Perth, dramatically changed in the 1950s with a new wave of European immigrants. Then in 1983, after Australia won the America's Cup and Fremantle looked forward to hosting the sailing race in 1987, the locals rejoiced and the town's streets became lined with cafés, boutiques, museums, and buskers. The revelers may have dispersed, but the party stuck around.

SEAFARERS, ARTISTS, AND MISFITS Check out the America's Cup winning yacht and an old pearling lugger (the boat pearl-shell divers operated) displayed at the modern, steel-and-glass **Western Australian Maritime Museum** on Victoria Quay. Nearby, stroll the 15-acre **Fremantle Prison** and discover its gruesome past as you visit the gallows where hangings took place on Monday mornings right up until 1964. In 2010, the limestone prison was the first building in Western Australia granted UNESCO World

Heritage status. Climb down steel ladders to the labyrinth 65 feet below, where prisoners were ordered to hard labor in the tunnels that served as a water catchment. On Wednesday and Friday nights, meet at the prison gatehouse for a guided, torchlit tour. Make your own great escape to the neo-Gothic **Fremantle Arts Centre**, built by convicts in 1864 as a criminal lunatic asylum, to view one of the largest collections of local and Australian art in the state, and watch live performances in the intimate courtyard. (4 hours)

ISLAND WILDLIFE Join Capricorn Seakayaking for a guided paddle to the **Shoalwater Islands Marine Park** that encompasses Seal and Penguin Islands. Bring your binoculars and view up to 16 unique seabird species seldom seen on the mainland, including whimbrels and the Caspian tern. On Penguin Island, watch fairy penguins—the world's smallest—being fed at the **Penguin Island Discovery Centre**. Snorkel alongside dolphins and explore limestone reefs in the island's underwater wonderland. (6 hours)

BEACH IT The coast is dotted with glorious beaches, but you don't need to travel far to dig your toes into the sand. **Bathers Beach** is located within walking distance of downtown Fremantle, making it an ideal spot for a refreshing dip and for exploring the historic West End bookstores and galleries featuring Aboriginal artwork. If the brilliant white sands and calm waters of the Indian Ocean beckon, then swim or snorkel at **Port Beach**. Or head to **Cottesloe Beach** along Marine Parade (5 miles north of Fremantle) for its shady Norfolk pines and endless coastal views. (3 hours)

GO FISH Cast a line for snapper and mullo-way at the **Fremantle Fishing Boat Harbour**, a historic working port with some 400 fishing boats. If the fish aren't biting, join locals and visitors alike for fresh seafood (including crabs, oysters, and crispy fish and chips) at the 109-year-old, family-owned **Cicerello's**. Afterward, tour the airy **Little Creatures Brewery**, located in a former boat yard, and enjoy a cold ale on its deck with views of Rottnest Island. (3 hours) ■

Thurs. 9:41 p.m.
Checked the weather online.

Fri. 6:12 a.m.
Downloaded maps to my GPS.

Sun. 1:05 p.m.
Found a place that satellites don't know about.



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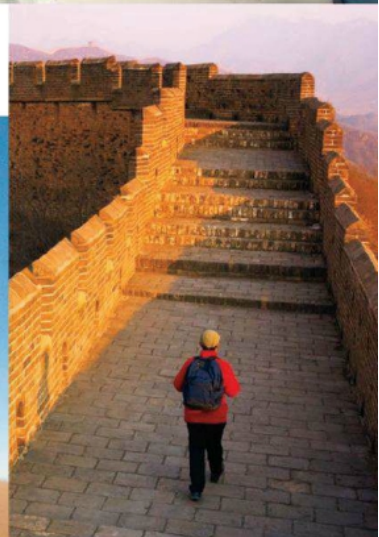
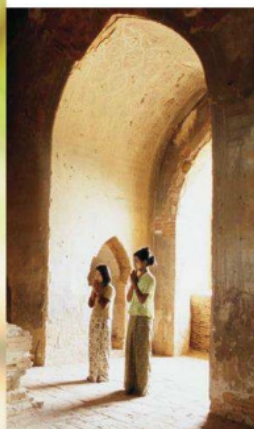
The Spirit of France

Celebrate Joan of Arc's 600th birthday
with finesse—one Champagne
toast at a time *By* DON GEORGE

*Harvesting Chardonnay
grapes in Avize, France.*



THE POWER OF TRAVEL



Call for Nominations

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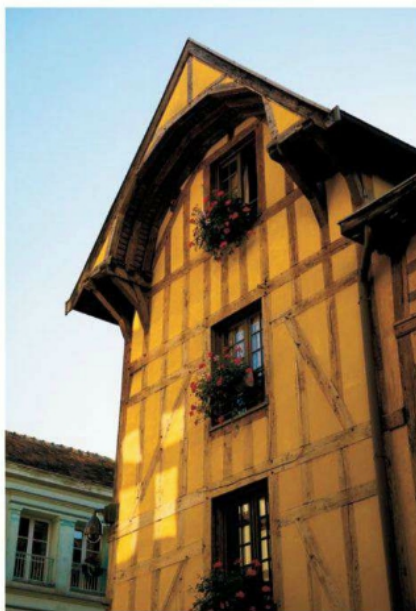
Deadline for nominations is July 1, 2012.

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A Joan of Arc statue at Reims's cathedral (left). A traditional house in Troyes (right).

IN HISTORY BOOKS, Joan of Arc's story concludes with the 19-year-old bound to a stake—forced into a dress, clutching a cross and gazing heavenward, flames leaping around her bare feet. But in France, the “virgin warrior” prevails, a unifying icon who charged onto the battlefield to rescue the French monarchy during the Hundred Years’ War against the British. Indeed, the cross-dressing teen’s defiant independence secured her undoing as well as her immortality. ¶ This year, Joan turns 600, inspiring a drive through northeast France that traces the route of her extraordinary early triumphs—from the village where angels’ voices summoned her to the grand city where she stood by as Charles VII took the crown. Fortuitously for travelers, Joan also journeyed through what is now Champagne country, the source of sparkling wine so revered its name has become a global synonym for *joie de vivre*.

This pilgrimage trailing the path of St. Jeanne d’Arc (as she’s known by her compatriots) starts with a two and a half hours’ drive from Reims (rhymes with France), which is a short train ride from Paris or Charles de Gaulle airport. Verdant pastures, forested hillsides, and meandering rivers lead to **Domrémy-la-Pucelle**, the 150-person hamlet where Joan’s childhood home still stands, a two-story stone-and-stucco house with wood-beamed, stone-floored rooms. The daughter of a farmer, Joan had an unexceptional early childhood, but she was considered especially pious. “When she was in the fields and heard the bells tolling,” friends recalled, “she would go down on her knees.”

At the age of 13, Joan began hearing celestial voices that would later instruct her to drive the British out of her homeland. At the end of her life, while on trial for

heresy, she testified, “I heard a voice from God ... about midday, in summer time, in my father’s garden ... from the right side toward the church.” The garden has changed since Joan’s time, but the **Church of St. Rémy**, where she was baptized, is a few steps from the farmhouse.

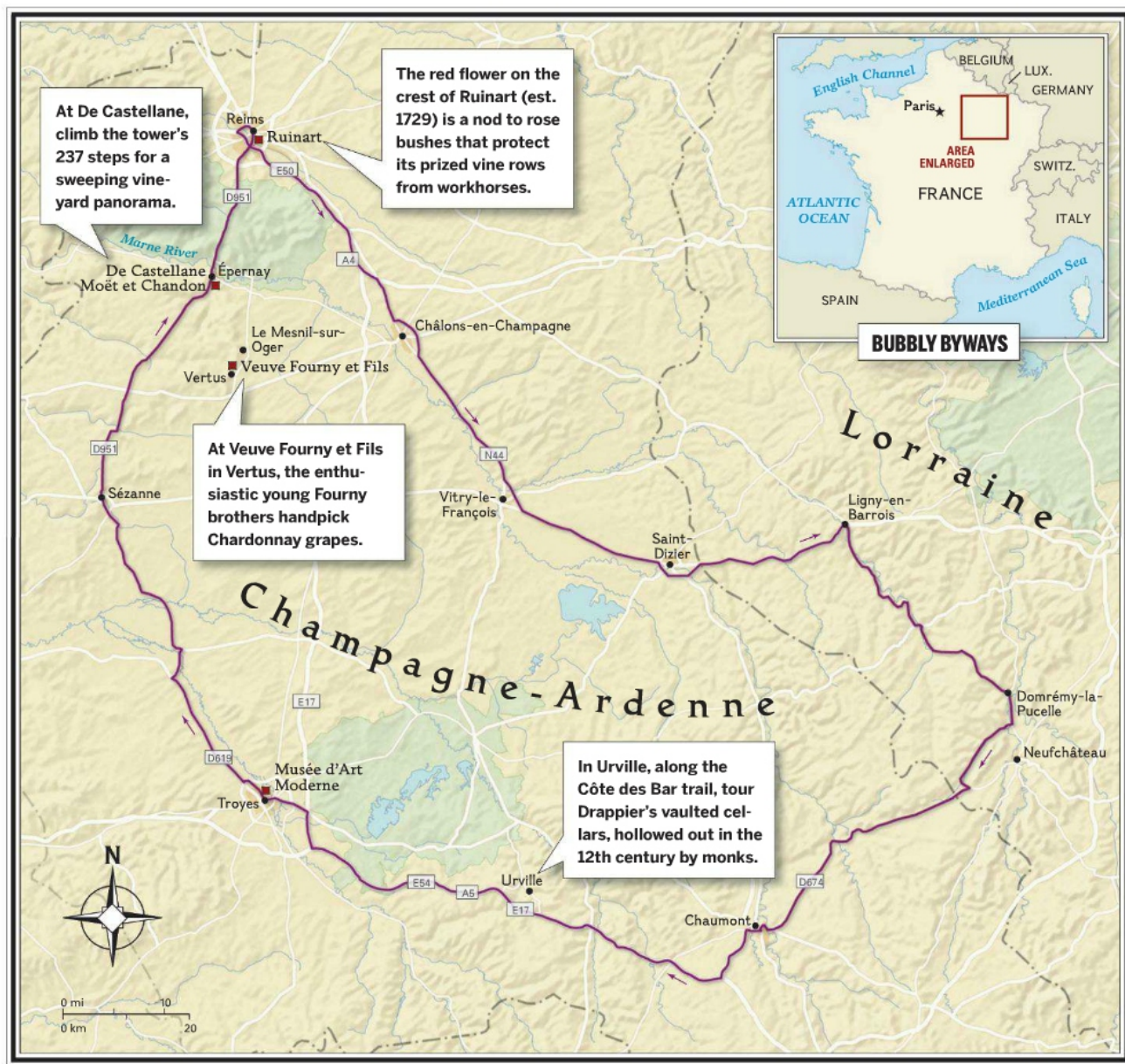
Over the next few years, the voices continued, eventually compelling the teen to act, albeit reluctantly. And so, at 17, driven by her divine mission, Joan left home (under the guise of visiting her aunt and uncle), ultimately traveling by foot and horseback more than 400 miles to the Loire Valley to meet with Charles VII. After convincing him of her purity, Joan (clad in male attire) led an attack on the British troops in Orléans. Her courage rallied the French soldiers to a pivotal victory that was followed by a string of successes, including the taking of **Troyes**, the ancient capital of Champagne.



EXPLORE

First produced in the 17th century, sparkling wine fizzed into fashion in France after 1715 when the new regent, the Duc d’Orléans, began pouring it at Palais-Royal dinners. Since 1927, the Champagne appellation has been legally restricted to specific plots situated in five wine-producing districts within the Champagne-Ardenne region in northeast France (see map at right), where regulations for growing, harvesting, pressing, bottling, and aging are all scrupulously enforced. Five rambling Champagne routes traverse these districts, offering travelers an effervescent entrée to the pleasures, in liquid and landscape, of Champagne. (Radiating around Reims and Épernay are Massif de St.-Thierry, Montagne de Reims, Vallée de la Marne, and Côte des Blancs. Côte des Bar is east of Troyes.) At classic houses that produce acclaimed prestige cuvées, such as historic **Champagne Salon** in the village of Le Mesnil-sur-Oger, skilled workers rotate each bottle a quarter turn by hand (above) each day in a process called riddling. —D.G.





Distance: 300 MILES ROUND-TRIP FROM REIMS **When to go:** MAY THROUGH OCTOBER **Tip:** ALONG THE CHAMPAGNE ROUTES, SIGNS STAMPED "DEGUSTATION" MEAN THE VINEYARD IS OPEN FOR TASTING. **Plan your trip:** FOR MORE INFO, VISIT WWW.TOURISME-CHAMPAGNE-ARDENNE.COM.

EAT

Theater and cuisine pair deliciously at **Café du Palais**, a two-minute walk from Reims's Cathedral of Notre-Dame. The art deco stylings of the 82-year-old café, including a glass roof signed by artist Jacques Simon, set a buoyant scene for feasting on specialties such as Reims ham, Champenoise *potée* (stew), and the addictively rich and creamy cow cheeses from the nearby villages of Chaource and Langres. To wash it down? Champagne, of course.

SLEEP

In Troyes, the meticulously restored **Maison de Rhodes** envelops guests in history sans hardship. The half-timbered inn hosted the Knights Templar in the 12th century; today its 11 idiosyncratic rooms marry original flagstones and immense hearths with spacious baths and tiled showers. Guests breakfast in the enclosed courtyard beside a lush lawn and garden; chef-and-waiter René Hachez serves beef bourguignonne in the candlelit dining room for dinner.



At Reims's cathedral, sunlight filters in through its rose windows (right). The Palais du Tau displays a Louis XV crown replica (far right), the original a casualty of the French Revolution, and cathedral sculptures (bottom).

Continue your mission on a two-hour drive west to Troyes. The town's importance harks back to Roman times, when it was a trading hub on the **Via Agrippa** connecting Milan, Italy, to Boulogne-sur-Mer, France. In the 12th century, merchants from across Europe flocked here to sell wool and silk textiles, leather, fur, silverware, and spices at its twice-a-year trade fairs. The mercantile spirit still thrives, with Troyes remaining a center of French knitwear. Tennis champion René "the Crocodile" Lacoste founded his sportswear empire here in 1933, and it's also the contemporary capital of factory outlet shops. Troyes is a beguiling mix of the ancient and modern, most atmospherically evident in its old town of half-timbered houses from the 16th century awash in russet, lemon, and persimmon tones, flowered squares and courtyards, and cobbled alleyways, such as the **Ruelle des Chats**, over which the buildings lean gently toward each other.

Two sites particularly manifest Troyes's interweaving of the old and new: Inside a striking brown-and-white timbered mansion, the **Maison de l'Outil et de la Pensée Ouvrière** (literally, "house of tools and workers' thinking") lovingly renders homage to carpenters, wheelwrights, shoemakers, and other craftsmen with displays of 10,000 hand tools from past centuries, each designed to accomplish a specific task. Conversely, the brick-facade Bishop's Palace is now the site of the **Musée d'Art Moderne**, a showcase for the gift of local hosiery manufacturers turned art collectors Pierre and Denise Lévy. Their enlightening ensemble suggests Joan of Arc isn't the only maverick to be celebrated in the region, with avant-garde works by artists such as Dufy, Rouault, and Picasso. Emphasis goes to the Fauves (literally, "the wild beasts"), including André Derain's electric blue "Big Ben."

After taking Troyes, Joan marched straight to Reims, but a slight detour northwest celebrates another symbol of French heritage: sparkling wine. The road traverses peaceful Champagne-Ardenne



countryside—vine-latticed fields and flourishing crops, sometimes brightened with yellow flowers and white cows, and the sinuous Seine glinting in the distance. Every so often, a few dozen red-roofed stone homes punctuate the landscape.

At Sézanne, the Côte des Blancs Champagne trail flows north to Épernay (see map on page 51). One historic headquarters is a must-visit: the imposing brick palace of **Moët et Chandon**. Founded in 1743, Épernay's oldest and largest Champagne house holds court along with eight other Champagneries on—where else?—the Avenue de Champagne. Here Jean-Rémy Moët entertained Napoleon and his entourage in royal style in the early 19th century. Tourgoers pass under a chandelier made of Champagne flutes and into the chalky cellars for a heady immersion among thousands of bottles filling the cool catacombs. Before moving on to this drive's next and final stop, the glorious city of Reims, consider buying some bubbly to fete the climax of Joan's—and your—quest.

In Reims, head directly to the **Palais du Tau**, located next to the grand cathedral (together a UNESCO World Heritage site). The palace's gilded treasures include regalia used in the coronation of Charles X in 1825, including a replica of the "holy flask." According to legend, the vial came from God, delivered by the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove, and held the sacred oil used to anoint French kings since the year 496.

You could spend days exploring Reims's riches, but any Joan of Arc odyssey should culminate in the magnificent 801-year-old cathedral. Here on July 17, 1429, the archbishop of Reims tipped the holy flask to anoint the head of the dauphin (or heir apparent), and he and five other bishops solemnly placed the crown on King Charles VII, with Joan at his side. Standing in that vast, hushed space, transfixed in stained-glass sunlight, one of those windows now depicting the maid herself, you can imagine the pomp and pageantry—and perhaps understand why, six centuries on, this bold heroine still captivates the collective imagination of the French, and the world.

Editor at large DON GEORGE studied French literature in college and has lived in Paris.

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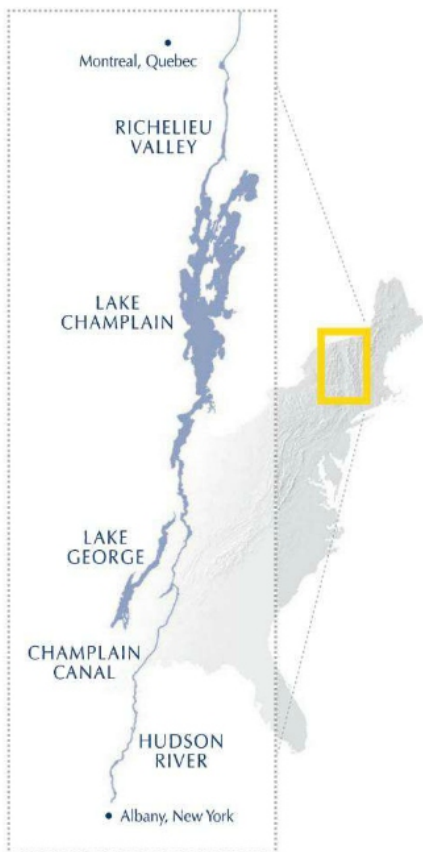
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LAKES TO LOCKS PASSAGE

THE GREAT Northeast Journey

By Anthony F. Hall



If I walk a few steps from my house in the hills above Lake George, I can look down upon an expanse of water that will one day flow north into Lake Champlain and the St. Lawrence River. A few hundred yards uphill, I will be in an entirely different watershed, one that flows south into the Hudson River. When the Serviceberry blooms at the margins of the swamp, it means that schools of shad have already begun their annual run up the river, where they spawn in the fresh headwaters.

It is somehow reassuring to see, or to feel, nature affirm the many connections between our woods and waters and bigger world beyond. Upstate New York is a world of its own. For James Fenimore Cooper, it was the inspiration for his novel that connected one isolated outpost to another. The forts on the perimeters



Saratoga National Historical Park
Courtesy of Stock Studios Photography

of Lake George and Lake Champlain that Cooper wrote about in *Last of the Mohicans* were not built to defend settlements (there were none, to speak of), but, rather, distant European empires that struggled to control the destiny of North America.

For those of us who grew up here, that fact lent our small, un-prepossessing towns a significance they might otherwise have lacked. History was something to be absorbed, rather than learned.



Lake George
©2012 Carl Heilman II / Wild Visions, Inc.

The best travel advice comes from the people who live here.

As children, we refought the skirmishes between Rogers Rangers and the French and the Indians in the same woods where those battles took place. On the same lakes where we learned to swim, sail or coax an outboard engine to life, the largest fleet ever to be assembled in North America, sailed toward defeat on Lake Champlain 250 years earlier. The excursion boat that left the pier every summer afternoon, loaded with tourists, was the same boat that had deposited passengers at every hotel and landing on the lake a hundred years ago.

Has the persistence of the past made us good stewards? Not as good as I would like. Perhaps that's because our inheritance is not so much a past that is to be preserved as it is an awareness of the transitory character of every human effort here.



Whitehall Canal Harbor Park
Courtesy of New York State Canal Corporation

What truly abides are the waterways themselves, already giving impulse to new activities and new efforts. I'd invite you to experience Lakes to Locks Passage; it's a world to be discovered and explored by every new generation, as though for the first time.



Anthony F. Hall is the editor and publisher of the *Lake George Mirror*, a newspaper established in 1880 and once owned by his father.



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Pines shade a log cabin on Minnesota's remote Burntside Lake. Kids plunge into the water (opposite) and begin the summer lake season.

SUMMER *at the* LAKE

Unplug and unwind at these lake escapes, where time stands still, nature reigns, and there's a profound sense of peace. Spend your days swimming and tramping through the woods, and your evenings stargazing around a crackling fire. The ripple effects will last a lifetime



INTRODUCTION BY JOYCE MAYNARD



than I can choose a favorite among my children. But there is one that stands out, in memory, as the one that served as the setting for my quintessential summertime lake experience. It was 1985, and that weekend remains fixed in my mind.

I was married then—a young mother in my early 30s, with three small children, ages seven, three, and not yet two. Most days that summer—and for many that followed—my lake life was conducted at a man-made lake named for New Hampshire's one U.S. president, Franklin Pierce. It was a spot where the town mothers brought their children for swimming lessons and stayed all day camped out with beach towels and buckets and, in my case, a well-worn copy of *Anna Karenina* I'd been hauling around for two summers.

But that day seemed to call out for larger adventure, so we headed north up the highway to the town of Holderness, in Grafton County, and the lake that remains, even now—27 years later—possibly the most pristine I've ever encountered: Squam Lake. (It's two lakes, actually: Big Squam and Little Squam, connected by a narrow channel. Back in 1980, when they filmed a movie there with Henry Fonda and Katharine Hepburn, they called it Golden Pond.)

A few fortunate people own old family cottages on the shores of Squam Lake, but we were not among them. Instead, we'd arranged to meet a friend and his children along the shore, with

the idea of canoeing out to an island where—if you plan ahead—you can pitch a tent and camp out, even today. For my money, those campsites are the best real estate on the lake.

At the time, no doubt, it was hard gathering up all those children, all that gear—the firewood, groceries, and sleeping bags. But I remember none of that now. What stays with me, after all the rest has melted away, was how the light landed on the water as the sun went down, and then the glow of the campfire. After we put the chil-

dren to sleep in their tents, we sat again by the embers, with no sound from any other human being and no need for conversation, just the night sky spread out above us, the stars as clear as I'd ever known them. From the water came a low and haunting sound, like a heartbroken lover calling out to an absent mate: the cry of a loon. And a moment later, the call of another loon answering back.

We woke to a perfect rose-colored sunrise and the sound of jumping fish. I lit the fire, boiled water for the coffee, ladled pancake batter on the griddle, and—though I knew it would be cold—I took my swim. Alone, I could hear only the sound of water lapping with each stroke. It is a feeling of tranquillity like no other. Back at camp, the children, sticky with maple syrup, searched for bugs and tossed stones in the water. There was no need of diversions more elaborate than that, with a lake on all sides and blueberries in the bushes.

When I was the age of my daughter that day (seven), my father taught me a poem by William Butler Yeats. It was a practice he maintained throughout my childhood, of sitting on the side of my bed when he said good night and reciting a poem, enough times that I'd learn it eventually. The one that has stayed with me best is "The Lake Isle of Innisfree." One stanza comes to me without fail whenever I am near enough to a lake that I can hear the water:

*I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.*

This is true for me. Even on the road I hear it. Even on the pavement. I hear lake water lapping in my deep heart's core.

JOYCE MAYNARD is the author of 12 books, including *Labor Day*.

I'm a lake person.

Show me a map and I'll start searching for the blue spots. Show me a dock, overlooking an expanse of blue, and—with suit or without—I have to dive in. When I'm at a lake, I'm happy. When I'm not at a lake, I think about being there.

We are a different breed, those of us who choose fresh water. Perhaps, the choice of a lake over an ocean has to do with the seriousness of a person's swimming aspirations. (Oceans are for dipping. Lakes are for crossing, if you can.) But there's more to what separates the two experiences: Where ocean vistas speak of drama and turbulence, a lake—unless the Jet Skiers have got to it—is a tranquil place most of the time. Oceans are for sharks and dolphins. Lakes are for trout and bass. Oceans are for liners and sailing vessels tossing over the waves. Lakes are for birchbark canoes and trim wooden Chris-Crafts named after somebody's mother, with a flag on the back and a humming inboard motor taking you to a neighbor's dock for a cookout at sunset. Look out onto a lake, and you often can see the other side. Maybe that's part of what I like: that it's enclosed. A little world, sealed off from the rest.

I've probably dived into a hundred lakes in my lifetime—in Washington, Michigan, Connecticut, Canada, and beyond. My heartbeat elevates at the sight of a sign on the road signaling a turnoff ahead that leads to a lake. Too often these days, they're so developed it's hard to see the water through the condominiums, but I'm always on the lookout for a good lake, and over my half century of pursuit, I've found a few.

Because I'm a native of New Hampshire, it's always that state's lakes that call to me most powerfully. Sixteen years after I moved from there to the coast of California, I still return faithfully to New England every July to see friends and my daughter who lives there. And I go to dip myself in the waters of the lakes I've loved—Dublin Lake, Willard Pond, and Skatutakee, near the perfect village of Harrisville—my own particular form of annual baptism.

I can no more name a favorite among bodies of water I have loved

MAINE

Rangeley Lake

IN THE LATE 1800s, tales of Rangeley Lake's gigantic native brook trout lured gentlemen anglers from as far as Baltimore, Maryland. Though the classic old hotels have since burned down, many of the historic cabins and sporting camps remain. Now, the area attracts families who stake out lakeside cabins for weeks at a time to canoe, sail, fish, and tap into the slow pace of life in Rangeley, a classic New England hamlet about 120 miles north of Portland. In summer, the population swells tenfold with visitors, but the

vibe is still notably low-key. A couple of blocks from the lake is Rangeley's Main Street, which is lined with homespun stores like Nancy's Gifts and Threads Galore Quilt Shop. There, Appalachian Trail through-hikers sit at the cafés, tourists slurp ice-cream cones, and station wagons loaded with canoes clog the streets. No one seems to mind if traffic occasionally slows, least of all the locals, many of whom are third-generation descendants of the area's loggers, steamboat operators, railroad workers, and fishing

guides. Though summer life centers around Rangeley Lake and other nearby ponds and lakes, the hills offer solitude in the pine, maple, and birch forests, where dozens of trails lead to waterfalls and gentle summits. The woods and meadows also attract mountain bikers and birders, who come to see the abundant eagles, woodpeckers, and warblers. Come evening, nightlife is pleasantly sleepy, with a few local plays and concerts (the Lakeside Theater hosts musical groups in the summer). Mostly folks sit on their docks with friends, sipping gin and tonics, watching the light fade from the sky and listening as the sound of crickets fades into stillness. —*Kate Siber*



BREAK FROM THE LAKE

A four-mile hike on the Appalachian Trail, nine miles from Rangeley, leads to the top of 4,120-foot Saddleback Mountain. The **Rangeley Outdoor Sporting Heritage Museum** displays fishing memorabilia and Indian artifacts.

BOAT BUZZ

The beginning of fishing season in May brings dozens of boats, but in summer kayaks and canoes outnumber motors.



Hikers descend a hill on the Height of the Land, a scenic overlook with vistas of Rangeley Lake and the Western Maine Mountains.

A full-page photograph of a woman in a bikini hoisting the mainsail of a sailboat. The sail is white and partially raised. The boat is on a blue lake with mountains in the background under a clear blue sky. The text is located on the left side of the image.

*A boater hoists the
mainsail while
cruising Flathead
Lake, bordered by
the Mission and
Salish Mountains
in Montana.*

MONTANA

Flathead Lake

TOASTING MARSHMALLOWS at dusk on a pebble beach along Flathead Lake's western shore just south of Kalispell and Glacier National Park is a rite of passage for Montana children. The same loon calls can be heard from distant bays as when Blackfeet and Salish hunted these forests; the same dark shadows pool beneath glacially carved cliffs as when steamboats plied these waters with passengers and freight.

Nearly 30 miles long and 15 miles wide, Flathead is the largest freshwater lake west of the Mississippi. Calm at daybreak and twilight, these crystal clear waters can churn up four-foot whitecaps at midday and are said to have a

sturgeon-like monster dwelling in their 370-foot depths.

On March 1, 1812, British explorer David Thompson ascended a hill just west of Polson at the lake's southern end and gave the oldest surviving European account of seeing a jaw-dropping "very extensive view of the lake and country far around." He called it "a fine sheet of water" and "the haunt in all seasons of aquatic fowl."

It's still a major migratory resting spot for waterfowl and humans alike. Canada geese and swans bob in the water; ospreys and bald eagles dive-bomb for trout. Hand-painted signs advertise cherry stands and orchards where visitors can stop and pick the sweet

Rainier, Lambert, and Queen Anne cherries that make Flathead's microclimate famous.

But it's the quiet coves of the timbered western shore near Rollins where time has stood still. Hundred-year-old cottonwoods shade shingled cottages sporting American flags. Children paddle canoes and jump off docks behind ramshackle cabins.

"You've got seclusion. Even though you might have neighbors, you feel you're the only one here," says Deon Tomscheck, who lives near Rollins year-round with her boyfriend, Curtis Van Voast, in a house with its own shoreline. The couple rents five cottages on the property to summer guests. "People feel at home here. They love letting their kids play the way they did when they were kids. Families come back here year after year." —Lynn Donaldson

SEASONAL FAVORITES

Pluck **Flathead cherries** at orchards dotted around the lake, or stop at a roadside stand for preserves and pie.



LOCAL EATS

Dock your canoe at the **Raven** in Woods Bay and wash down a buffalo steak with a local microbrew while watching the sun set.

BREAK FROM THE LAKE

Spend an afternoon gallery hopping, sampling huckleberry ice cream, and shopping for locally made crafts on **Electric Avenue** in Bigfork.

NATURE CALLS

Spot bighorn sheep and black bears while hiking in **Wild Horse Island State Park**.

NORTH CAROLINA

Lake Lure

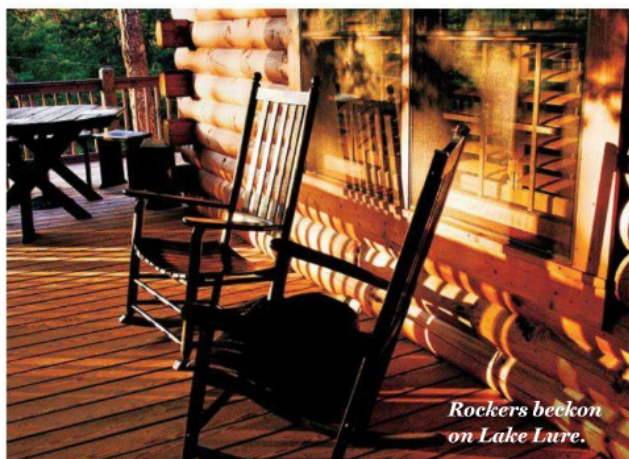
TWENTY-FIVE YEARS ago Patrick Swayze pulled Baby out of a corner and pushed Lake Lure onto center stage. Today, the charm that enticed the makers of *Dirty Dancing* to film scenes at this remote mountain lake endures. Cradling the rounded peaks of western North Carolina, Lake Lure retains the unpretentious character and natural splendor that have attracted vacationers—from FDR to F. Scott Fitzgerald—for more than 80 years.

In the early 1900s Lucius B. Morse led efforts to purchase the land that is now Lake Lure, with a vision of establishing a grand resort community. A dam across the Rocky Broad River in 1927 created the 720-acre lake.

The Great Depression, however, stymied plans for a resort development. Consequently, today's visitors enjoy an experience similar to that of Morse's wife, who gave Lake Lure its name. The surrounding mountains, free from large-scale development, supply inspirational views and engender a sense of seclusion.

Lake Lure's sharply rising shoreline also dictates the nature of lakeside real estate. Houses perch on the hillsides, leaving the water's edge to the domain of wooden boathouses, most of which are modest in stature, painted unassuming hues of reds, browns, and greens, and crowned with rooftop decks for relaxing.

Lake Lure is above all a boater's playground. On early



Rockers beckon on Lake Lure.

summer mornings, anglers scour the coves for striped and smallmouth bass while kayakers hug the shoreline, savoring the cooler hours before the humidity sets in. By early afternoon, the lake becomes a frenzy of activity with speedboats towing water-skiers and families cruising and

picnicking in pontoon boats.

As the sun sinks over the ridgeline, the sloshing of water against wooden docks blends with the hum of crickets and distant gleeful cries of children that could almost be mistaken for Baby and Johnny, practicing lifts in the recesses of Firefly Cove. —Emily Chaplin

BREAK FROM THE LAKE

Chimney Rock Mountain offers shaded hiking trails. Scale the stairs to the main lookout point in **Chimney Rock State Park** for spectacular views of the lake.

LOCAL EATS

Refuel at lunchtime with a burger at **Larkin's on the Lake**, and don't miss the home-made cinnamon rolls served at **Medina's Village Bistro**.

NATURE CALLS

During morning and evening hours, view cormorants, ospreys, and the occasional eagle searching the lake for prey.



SEASONAL FAVORITE

The favored way to pass lazy summer hours is with rod and reel, fishing for bass or crappie on the lake or for trout in the nearby **Rocky Broad River**.

NEW YORK

Saranac Lake

CAMP IS FOR KIDS? Don't tell that to Florence Short, who has spent the past 71 summers gamboling on the shores of Upper Saranac Lake in northeastern New York. Brisk mornings mean skimming the tea-colored waters by canoe, bathed in the scent of piney islands. Afternoons promise family climbs up kid-friendly

Panther Peak, an accessible hike to 4,442 feet. Rainy days allow for excursions to the Wild Center, a natural history museum on 31 acres that offers a network of trails. "For me, nothing surpasses the subtle panorama of the changing light over the Adirondack Mountains," says Short. Sunset brings a blissful recline on the slanted slats of a classic

Adirondack chair, made in this region.

Though the great camps of the late 19th century, with their timber cabins and towering stone fireplaces, mark a high point in the region's history, it was Edward Livingston Trudeau's tuberculosis "cure cottages" that brought Saranac Lake to national prominence. A medicinal cure was developed in 1944, supplanting fresh-air cures, but Saranac Lake's famous sleeping porches remain as fixtures in the town's Victorian Queen Annes,

many of which have been converted into bucolic B&Bs.

Ursula Trudeau, a Saranac Lake artist who is the widow of the TB doctor's grandson (and the stepmother of "Doonesbury" cartoonist Garry Trudeau), has mastered some remedies for modern times. "I'm a rower. I love the quiet water, especially in the morning, and it's a pleasant way to get your head together," says Trudeau. "You don't have to worship the wind when you're paddling—instead, you worship the pond and you go with flow." The same waters



NATURE CALLS

Adirondack Lake and Trails Outfitters offers guided half-day and overnight kayak/camping trips. Book a campsite on a Saranac Lake island through the New York Department of Environmental Conservation.

BREAK FROM THE LAKE

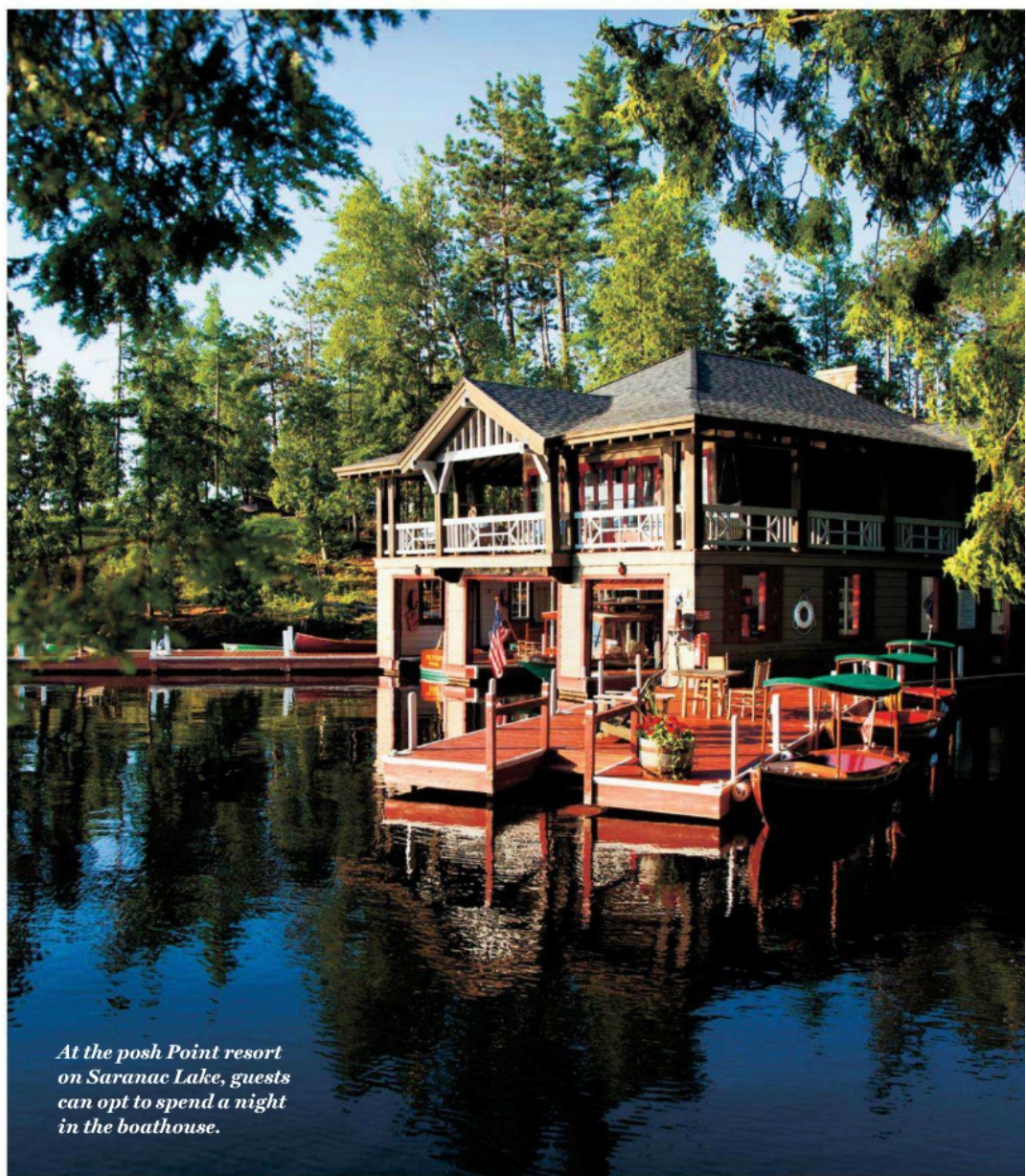
Take a summertime train ride on the **Adirondack Railroad** to Lake Placid, Tupper Lake, and other stops. To the native Iroquois, Saranac meant "cluster of stars." Visit the **Wild Center** natural history museum and learn everything you need to know about the region.

LOCAL EATS

The **Left Bank Café** is a stylish bistro that brings Gallic flair to the lakeside. Pack sandwiches from the **Eat 'n Meet Grill** and **Larder**, a local kitchen ideal for on-the-go lake days.

SEASONAL FAVORITES

Climbing "the 46"—the 46 Adirondack High Peaks, each 2,000 feet or higher, is a challenge that could take years. At "the Vic"—the **Visitor Interpretive Center** at Paul Smith's College, backcountry trails and a butterfly house are great for kids and grown-ups.

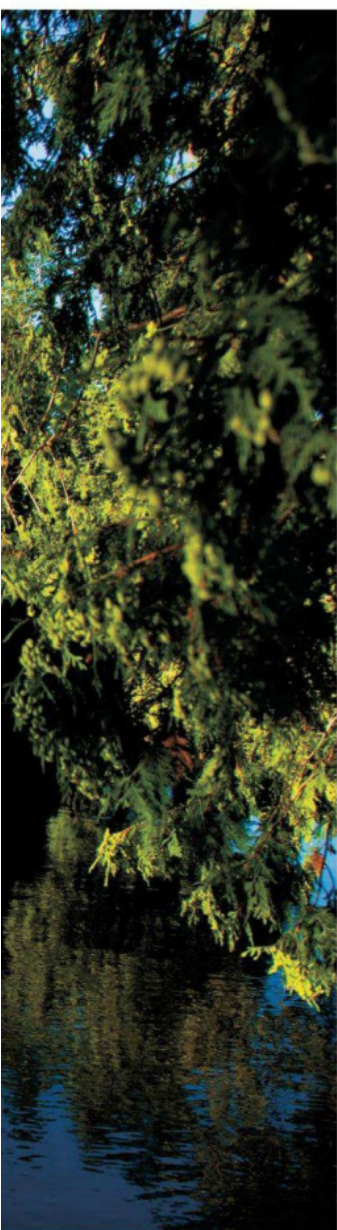


At the posh Point resort on Saranac Lake, guests can opt to spend a night in the boathouse.

that enticed Albert Einstein and Mark Twain to kick back now inspire a young art brigade and the sort of quirky local characters who bring a new pulse to the lakeside. In September the crafty Hobofest is a daylong music, food, and art fete for the funky fringe. It's a summer-time counterpart to Saranac Lake's famed Winter Carnival. "Are we growing new local characters?" Trudeau asks with a glimmer in her eye. "Possibly. We'll have to wait and see." —George W. Stone



A wooden boat (above) takes a spin on Lake Chelan, where pals cool off with a splash (left).



THE COLEMAN COMPANY, INC. (TENT); STEWART COHEN (BOAT HOUSE); DAVID SAMUEL ROBBINS/CORBIS (GRIN); THINKSTOCK/GETTY IMAGES (BOAT); CHRISTIAN MUEHLENBERGER/LAMY (WINE CORNS)

WASHINGTON *Lake Chelan*

THE MORNING SUN glints on the water as the *Lady of the Lake II* embarks on its daily cruise from the town of Chelan to Stehekin, a tiny community with about 80 residents at the far end of Washington's Lake Chelan. For four hours, the ferry will glide through this 55-mile-long finger of pristine, glacier-fed water, allowing passengers a front-row seat as one of America's deepest lakes gradually undergoes a startling transformation from family playground into awe-inspiring wilderness.

Located about 200 miles east of Seattle, Chelan (Sha-LAN) is more like two lakes than one. At its lower end around Chelan—a classic American small town—the lake is cradled by broad semiarid slopes dotted with orchards, farms, and vineyards. During the perpetually sunny summer, lake dwellers can paddleboard

or water-ski, get a bird's-eye view while parasailing, play a round of golf, or swim in water that may reach into the 70s. Shave ice from the stand near Lakeside Park is de rigueur.

But farther up the lake, Chelan becomes the domain of hikers, campers, and anglers as you pass through fjord-like gorges and into the heart of the rugged Cascade Mountains. Deep forests cloak the land, and in the distance snowy, 9,000-foot peaks bristle against an intensely blue sky. Some of the ferry passengers will overnight at Stehekin and later hike the trails, raft the rivers, or climb the summits of the 61,958-acre Lake Chelan National Recreation Area. But even for those who return the same day to the gentler summertime pleasures of the lower lake, a memory of this stirring, natural grandeur will likely last a long time. —Christopher Hall

BREAK FROM THE LAKE

Sixteen area wineries offer tastings, from Rieslings at **Vin du Lac** to Syrahs at **Tsillan Cellars**.



LOCAL EATS

Tiny **Café Manson** scores big with seasonal dishes like sturgeon fillet over golden beet salad with arugula and mint; **Local Myth Pizza** draws crowds for its thin-crust pies.

NATURE CALLS

Watch for mountain goats and bighorn sheep on rocky slopes of the upper lake.

BOAT BUZZ

With no outside roads accessing the upper two-thirds of the lake, motorized watercraft stick largely to the populated lower end.

SEASONAL FAVORITES

Visit the **Sunshine Farm** and **Blueberry Hills Farms** for pick-your-own apples and cherries.

MINNESOTA

Burntside Lake

A SCREEN DOOR slams. The scent of pine lingers. Crystal water beckons. At Burntside Lake, kids have been cooling sun-warmed bodies with a running leap and splash off a dock for generations. Adjacent to the Boundary Waters Canoe Area Wilderness, this remote northern Minnesota lake some 12 miles long and scattered with more than 125 islands has attracted the likes of former CBS correspondent Charles Kuralt, who considered the area one of his top getaways.

Its wild natural beauty has been written about by author and conservationist Sigurd Olson, who described the lake and surrounding forest in every season, the place he considered his "own particular 'back of beyond.'" Renowned outdoor photographer Jim Brandenburg captured the serene lake's many moods on film—cool blue water framed by sunsets streaked with pink, birds in flight, and evergreens outlined on the small islands.

Families have returned year after year to summer at historic lakeside log cabins here—places like Burntside Lodge—where, since 1913, nature's quiet pleasures have continued to be the driving attractions. Souls are nourished where time and space are abundant. City dwellers have learned how to appreciate a sunrise on the lake, and how to cast a line and dip a canoe paddle.

On moonless summer nights the same families gather close to smoky campfires on the beach to repeat old stories and lick fingers sticky with warm marshmallows. Then the lake's inky blackness is not seen but only heard—waves washing onto shore.

When conditions are just right, the elusive northern lights make an appearance over this watery wilderness. Giant colorful spirits, the light plumes shimmer across the sky and seem to reflect Burntside Lake's true mystique.

—Donna Tabbert Long



LOCAL EATS

Sample a walleye sandwich or a bowl of wild rice soup at the **Chocolate Moose** restaurant in Ely. At the town's **Plum Bun Bakery**, try the made-from-scratch caramel rolls.

BREAK FROM THE LAKE

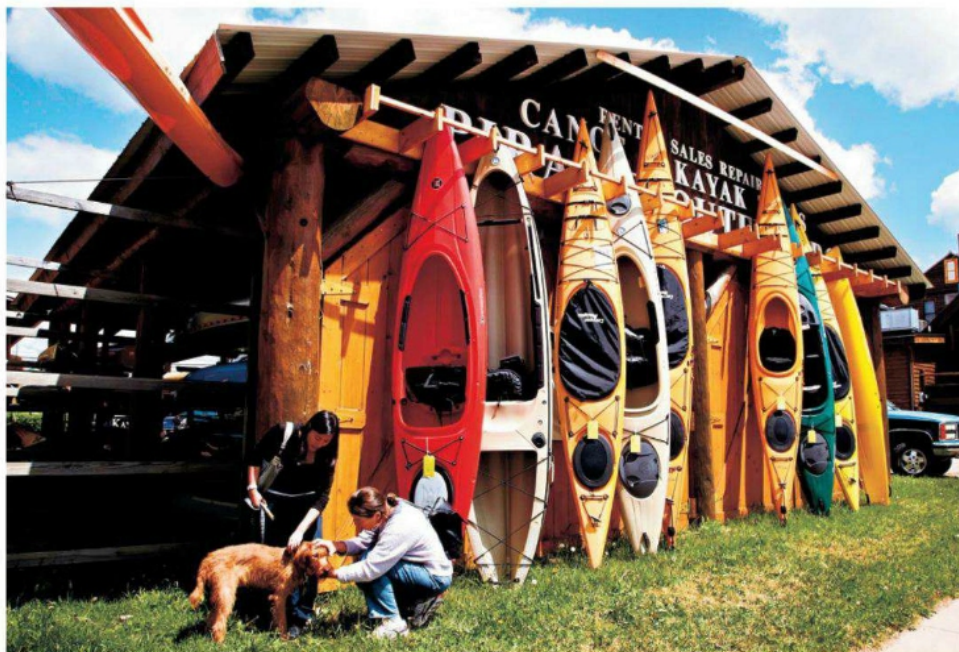
Visit the **International Wolf Center**, in Ely, with its resident pack of gray wolves. At the **North American Bear Center**, view live black bears in their natural habitat.

SEASONAL FAVORITE

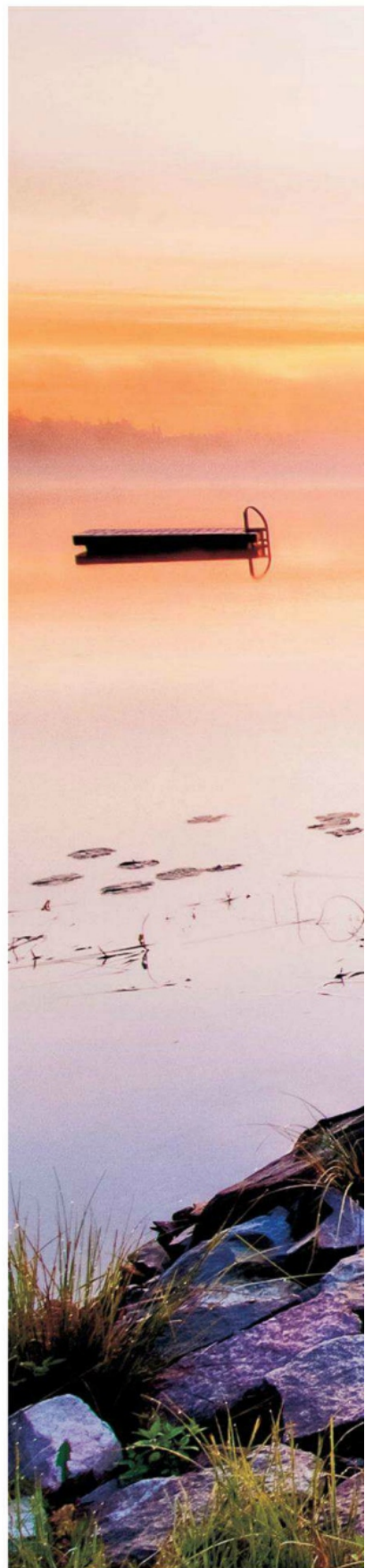
Rent a kayak for a day trip into the Boundary Waters (day permits are easily obtained).

REQUIRED READING

Listening Point, by Sigurd F. Olson



Six miles southeast of spring-fed Burntside Lake (right), outfitters in Ely (above) offer kayak and canoe rentals or guided excursions of the region's unspoiled Boundary Waters.





MICHIGAN

Walloon Lake

THE ICE AGE was kind to northern Michigan, leaving in its wake an undulating landscape pocked by thousands of deep lakes carved by receding glaciers. Few, though, are as striking as Walloon Lake. Soil rich in calcium carbonate and clay, known as marl, casts the water a cerulean blue that would conjure the Caribbean were it not for the cedars, birches, and aspens that frame the nearly 30-mile shoreline. Its odd, paint-splat shape ensures that no view is the same; even longtime cottagers marvel at the difference in perspective from just a few doors down.

Lured by the fresh Arctic air, Midwesterners eager to escape the summer swelter of Detroit and Chicago began coming to Walloon on the Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad in the late 19th century. Once they reached the village at the

eastern end of the lake, a “dummy train” would bring them to a steamboat that ferried them to their cottage.

Among them were Clarence and Grace Hall Hemingway from Oak Park, Illinois, who built their cottage, Windemere, on the north end of the lake in 1899, the same year their son Ernest was born. The lake instilled a love of the outdoors in the novelist and inspired a series of short stories, including “The Three-Day Blow.” “The genesis for all the Nick Adams stories was Walloon Lake,” says Hemingway’s nephew Ernie Mainland, referring to the author’s semi-autobiographical protagonist. Mainland, who now owns Windemere, reminisces about his boyhood summers in the 1950s when mothers and children spent June through Labor Day here and dads dropped in from the city on

weekends. A fleet of sleek mahogany sailboats raced twice a week, and the water was so crystal clear, “if you were sailing and got thirsty, you reached over and drank from the lake,” says Mainland.

These days, motorboats outnumber sailboats and the lake is battling the invasive zebra and quagga mussels. Still, a sense of legacy remains strong. Many Wallooners are descendants of those who bought property here generations ago and feel more connected to the lake than to the places where they grew up. “Invariably, it’s your grandparents or great-grandparents that first began coming here,” says David Crouse, a television producer whose family has been summering on Walloon since 1895. He made the move to full-time resident ten years ago and is reminded why every time he comes home from his frequent travels: “When you step out into the night air, you smell that woodsy cedar smell. It welcomes you home. It goes to your soul.” —Margaret Loftus

BREAK FROM THE LAKE

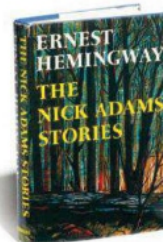
Climb the dunes for a sweeping view of Lake Michigan at **Sleeping Bear Dunes National Lakeshore**, a two-hour drive southwest of Walloon.

LOCAL EATS

Summer regulars make a morning pilgrimage to **Walloon Village General Store** for cinnamon rolls. This is fresh-water fish country; try any dish with walleye or the white fish encrusted with pumpkin seeds at the **Walloon Lake Inn**, the only remaining hotel on the lakeshore.

REQUIRED READING

The Nick Adams Stories, by Ernest Hemingway



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*The century-old
Perry Hotel is in
Petoskey, Michigan,
a short drive from
Walloon Lake.*



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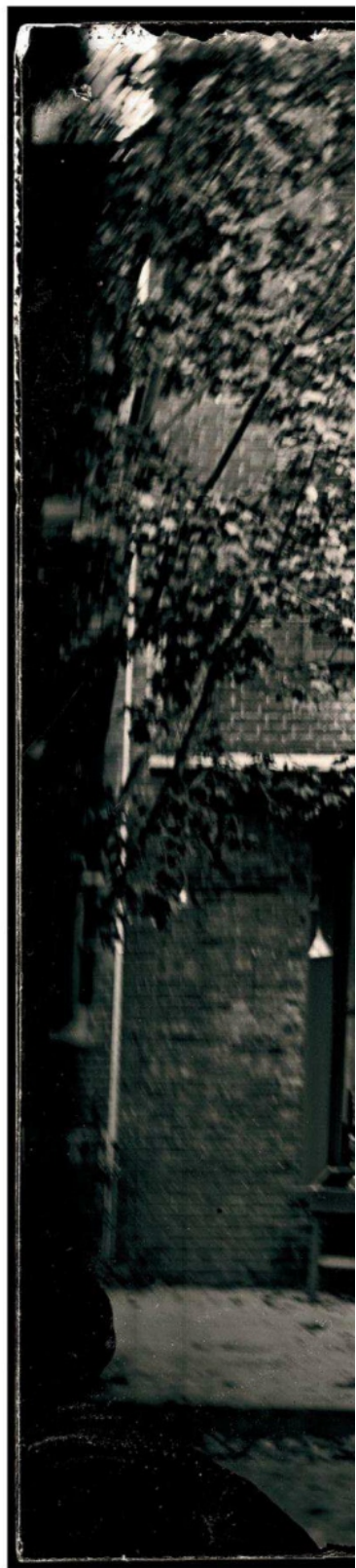

ACURA
ADVANCE.

On the WAR PATH

*A spark of gunfire, an epic battle,
a resting place. A road trip through
the mid-Atlantic conjures up
stories from the Civil War*

by **TONY HORWITZ**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT J. SZABO



Harpers Ferry, circa 2011.





Civil War reenactor.

FLOORBOARDS CREAK in the Jackson Rose Bed-and-Breakfast as the innkeeper ushers me into a room where Stonewall Jackson slept 150 years earlier. “Don’t be spooked by the ghosts,” she says. ¶ “What kind of ghosts?” I reply, trying to sound nonchalant. She tells me about a slave woman who rattles around the attic and an undertaker who stored coffins and bodies in the basement. Finally she points to a portrait over the fireplace of the brilliant and fearsome Jackson. The Confederate commander’s eyes bore through a century and a half into the room and past me. “He was kind of crazy—that ‘kill them all’ mentality toward Yankees.” ¶ Of which I’m one. “This whole town is filled with ghosts,” she says, handing me the room key, which seems suddenly inadequate. What about a crucifix or ghostbusters’ backpack? ¶ Though no poltergeists arrive in the night, it’s impossible to visit Harpers Ferry, West Virginia, without feeling haunted by its history. Abolitionist John Brown’s bloody raid on the town in 1859 helped spark the Civil War 18 months later. Jackson, who watched Brown hang, returned in 1862 to kill all the Yankees he could—before marching to nearby Sharpsburg in Maryland for the worst day of carnage in U.S. history. The battle of Antietam, in turn, led to the Emancipation Proclamation, issued by Lincoln from Washington, D.C., and the fulfillment of Brown’s dark prophecy that the sin of slavery could be purged only with blood. There are countless paths into the Civil War, and I’ve chosen a 200-mile driving tour of these three spots along the hard-fought road to freedom.

HARPERS FERRY

’M IN THE MARYLAND HILLS, outside a log house about five miles from Harpers Ferry (now in West Virginia, but in 1859 still a part of Virginia). The Kennedy Farm, as it’s known, is perched well back from a wooded country lane. This seclusion suited John Brown, who rented the farm as a hideout for his guerrilla band. His aim: to arm slaves for an abolitionist crusade.

The farmhouse looks just as it did then, a log-and-chink structure with three cramped rooms and a low-beamed attic where some 20 of Brown’s men slept on straw mats, played cards, and penned farewell letters to lovers and family. “I am now in a Southern Slave State and before I leave it will be a free State, Mother,” wrote William Leeman, a 20-year-old shoemaker from Maine. “I am in a good Cause and I am not afraid.” A few days later, that cause would cost Leeman his life.

Behind the log house, I bump into an anachronism: an abandoned 20th-century building with a sign saying “Cut-Rate Liquor.” “This used to be quite the night spot,” explains Tom Kline, whom I find cutting grass at the property next door. The Kennedy Farm changed hands over the years and in 1950 was bought by an African-American branch of the Elks. The group considered Brown a heroic freedom fighter, and the farm served as a pilgrimage site, with a dance hall built behind it for black Elk parties. (In its heyday, James

Brown, Ray Charles, Etta James, and Otis Redding played there.)

Kline’s 79-year-old mother, Betty, tells me that when she was a child, “we always heard that John Brown had buried treasure up in a cave.” One woman claimed to have found it, “but then she couldn’t find her way back to the spot.” The elder Kline shrugs. “Just one of those stories, I guess.”

Few tourists find their way to the Kennedy Farm, but the same isn’t true for Harpers Ferry, which is not only a popular historical attraction but also one of the most picturesque settings in the eastern United States. The town sits at the confluence of the Potomac and Shenandoah Rivers, beneath towering cliffs. Thomas Jefferson declared the two rivers’ passage through the Blue Ridge mountains “one of the most stupendous scenes in nature” and a vista “worth a voyage across the Atlantic.” The view from Jefferson Rock, a stony perch above town, is still majestic, marred only by the highway that now runs beside the Shenandoah.

Just 60 miles from Washington, D.C., Harpers Ferry is a magnet for river rafters, Appalachian Trail hikers, and C&O Canal bicyclists. But you don’t need a bike, backpack, or inner tube to enjoy Harpers Ferry. It’s one of the best places I know to just amble, get lost on paths and cobbled lanes, and learn about a bygone America—or be entertained by it. The town has its share of hokum and occasionally hosts a John Brown beard-growing contest, in cheeky homage to the abolitionist’s extravagant facial hair.

My own route into town follows the one taken by Brown and his men on the night of October 16, 1859, when they marched from the Kennedy Farm to a railroad bridge spanning the Potomac. A footpath runs beside the tracks (on which passenger and freight trains still rattle past), with a sweeping view of the river’s rocky rapids. Looming over the bridge is a cliff face that bears the faint remains of a painted, century-old advertisement for Mennen’s Borated Talcum

The photographs in this article were taken with specially made cameras, glass or metal “film,” and the almost forgotten 19th-century collodion wet-plate photographic process used during the Civil War. For more, see our iPad edition in the App Store.



Painters at Harpers Ferry.



Bloody Lane, Antietam Battlefield.

**PEERING OVER AT THE GRASSY SWALE THAT SURGES OF ATTACKERS POURED ACROSS,
I FEEL ABLE TO CONJURE THE AWFUL TERROR AND INTIMACY OF THE LONG-AGO SLAUGHTER.**

Toilet Powder. This mix of natural beauty and gritty commerce is part of what makes Harpers Ferry a rare American gem, eastern kin to the mining ghost towns in the Rockies.

Except it's much older. George Washington chose Harpers Ferry in the 1790s as the site for a federal armory, and the town soon grew into a manufacturing center, mainly for guns. Factories lined the banks of both rivers until they were swept away by the Civil War and then by floods. Riverside trails now wind past the ruins of massive mills, as deer scamper through the woods that have reclaimed this once industrial landscape.

But much of the town's once bustling commercial hub still stands: a handsome, hilly district of brick and stone shops, taverns, and homes. Many of these buildings now house National Park Service museums devoted to the town's eclectic history (Lewis and Clark outfitted their expedition here).

I also duck inside the John Brown Wax Museum, a 49-year-old relic of Harpers Ferry's days as a tourist trap. "I came here as a kid, and it hasn't changed a bit," a man murmurs to his wife, as the wax abolitionist ascends the gallows with "John Brown's Body" playing on the Sputnik-era sound system.

The premier historical attraction is more authentic: a small brick building known as "John Brown's Fort." It became Brown's

headquarters and last redoubt. He'd hoped to free and arm slaves and launch a war of liberation. Instead, after a day of savage fighting, U.S. marines commanded by Robert E. Lee (still a colonel in the U.S. Army) battered a hole in the door of the enginehouse, killing or capturing the surviving insurgents.

"It's a claustrophobic space," says Dennis E. Frye, the Park Service's chief historian at Harpers Ferry. He leads me inside the fort, no bigger than a two-car garage; in 1859 it was filled with dying raiders, freed slaves, and terrified hostages. Some visitors who crowd inside to hear Frye and other park guides re-create its violent history are surprised that the "fort" isn't a large, Western-style stockade that Brown built himself. "You have to explain to them that the story of what happened here is much bigger than the place," Frye says.

He elaborates over lunch at the Secret Six Tavern, named for the covert Northern cell that supplied Brown with money and guns. Pictures of the six Yankee conspirators hang on the tavern wall, but the menu is neutral, offering a choice of a "Confederate" or "Union" burger (the former served with ham, the latter with bacon).

"The Civil War really begins here, not at Fort Sumter," Frye says, as we sit on the tavern porch overlooking the town. "Northerners and Southerners are killing each other over slavery at Harpers Ferry, and the sensation this causes pushes the nation toward full-scale conflict."

ANTIETAM

LEAVING TOWN, I cross the Potomac into Maryland, as Lee did three years after Brown's raid, this time as a Confederate general. I drive a station wagon; the supersize Coke I needed to wash down my Union burger rests in the cupholder. Lee's men were so ragged that many marched barefoot, and so hungry that they foraged for raw corn and unripe apples. But their spirits were high following a string of summer victories in Virginia. Lee now hoped to cap this season of triumph by defeating his demoralized foes on Northern soil.

En route, he sent much of his force, under Stonewall Jackson, to attack the Union garrison at Harpers Ferry. Jackson didn't just kill Yankees—he captured 12,700 of them, the largest surrender of U.S. forces in American history until World War II. But this maneuver left Lee with a much reduced army and in an exposed position near Sharpsburg, Maryland, 12 miles from Harpers Ferry.

What was then a long hot march is now a short, pleasant drive along a country road that ends for me at a quaint Main Street parlor called Nutter's Ice Cream, which lists specialties on a chalkboard, including pumpkin ice cream and peach pound-cake sundaes.

Nutter's is emblematic of Sharpsburg, a modest throwback of old homes and 700 people, smaller than it was in the 1860s.

At the eastern end of Main Street, however, this unassuming town gives way to one of the most pristine and awe-inspiring landscapes in Civil War America. The Antietam National Battlefield covers more than 3,000 acres of rolling farmland between the Potomac and South Mountain. No strip malls or franchise outlets intrude on the vista—a refreshing contrast to the sprawl-pocked battlefields of Virginia. Here the main landmarks are bronzed monuments, 19th-century farms, and an observation tower with a view extending to four states.

The battle at Antietam is easy for the non-Civil War buff to appreciate. Unlike the more famous Gettysburg, which spanned three days and miles of terrain, Antietam was a Napoleonic clash that lasted 12 hours. Gettysburg was fought in July, when sweaty hordes now flock to the battlefield; Antietam occurred in mid-September. Timing my visit for the anniversary of the battle, I arrive to find the corn high and the weather temperate—just as it was 149 years ago.

Though the lanes through the park are perfect for slow drives (or bike rides) with an audio tour from the visitors center, I opt for an upgrade and hire one of the park's professional guides. Steve Recker is a bearded, burly man with an unusual résumé; he played guitar for a number of bands and worked for Apple in California,

Hikers along the Appalachian Trail.



making enough money to “move here, hang out, and do history.” He’s amassed 600 rare photographs of Antietam and trained historians to share their knowledge and passion for the battlefield.

“You always hear Gettysburg is the high tide of the Confederacy and the turning point of the war, but that’s wrong—it happens here,” he says, starting our tour at a cannon-dotted ridge by the visitors center. In quick strokes, Recker sets the scene on the eve of battle: If Lee can drive north and win a great battle, the war might end in 1862. But the chance discovery by Union forces of Lee’s secret orders, dropped in a Maryland field, reveals that he’s divided his force. This gives a Union army of 80,000, under Gen. George McClellan, a chance to intercept Lee, who has a thin gray line of 35,000 men extending along a low ridge beside Antietam Creek.

“The battle has three main acts, on three stages,” Recker says, leading me to the first, a bare white building called the Dunker Church. It’s named, ironically, for a pacifist German sect that worshipped here—until the church became the focal point of battle at dawn on September 17, 1862. The fight seesawed for four hours, littering the cornfield and nearby woods with more than 11,000 dead and wounded men. “Per square foot, this may be the bloodiest piece of ground in the entire Civil War,” Recker says, walking into the 30-acre cornfield. Some units lost over 80 percent of their men. Survivors returned after the war to erect monuments; one, consisting of three stacked muskets, bears a plaque stating simply, “A Hot Place.” Local farmers who still till the cornfield have turned up bones from the battle. The church has now been restored to its peaceful 1862 appearance, an unadorned room with wavy glass and hard pews.

The stage for Antietam’s second act is likewise rustic: an ancient farm trail called the Sunken Road, because wagon traffic wore the path five or six feet below ground level. This made it a natural trench for 2,600 riflemen posted near the center of Lee’s line. In front of them lay a gently rising field, which crested 60 yards off. At midmorning, this crest filled with bayonet-wielding Yankees, charging straight at the Sunken Road. The attackers kept coming, in wave after wave, until they reached one end of the road and fired along its length at the close-packed Confederates. The fight for this 200-yard stretch of wagon trail added 5,500 men to the casualty toll at Antietam and earned it the nickname “Bloody Lane.”

A century and a half later, the road remains sunken, though no longer bloody, just a dirt path between snake-rail fences and verdant fields. Even so, standing in the lane and peering over its edge at the grassy swale that surges of attackers poured across, I feel able to conjure the awful terror and intimacy of the long-ago slaughter.

My ability to do so has less to do with a lively imagination than with the Civil War’s unique hold on national memory. Few Americans visit battlefields from the War of 1812; even Revolutionary War sites pale in popularity next to Gettysburg. One reason is that Americans of the Civil War era, from leaders to soldiers, were exceptionally literate. Their potent words endure: in letters, on monuments, and on plaques. “There lay so many dead rebels that they formed a line which one might have walked upon as far as I could see,” a Northern soldier wrote of Bloody Lane.

Photography, a new art in the 1860s, adds to the Civil War’s power. Pictures taken just after Antietam—the first in our history of combat dead—show bodies piled two and three high in the Sunken Road or strewn across fields and roads. Displayed at Mathew Brady’s Broadway studio, these

images brought home the horror of war as never before. It was as if Brady had “brought bodies and laid them in our dooryards and along the streets,” the *New York Times* wrote. Civil War photographs give us an intimate glimpse of the conflict that’s impossible to experience with earlier wars—or with more recent ones, cloaked by military censorship. We can not only look at the dead but also stare into the lean faces of young Yanks and Rebs and see people at once familiar and distant: an antique version of ourselves.

The same is true of the Civil War landscape, which recalls a much more rural and human-scaled world than our own. I sense this at the third stop of my battlefield tour, an arched stone bridge spanning the gentle brown water of Antietam Creek. Here, Recker tells



of Union troops charging across the narrow wagon bridge, four abreast, as Rebel sharpshooters fired down at them from a rocky bluff on the far bank. "It's a bottleneck, a total bloody mess," he says.

I can see the scene he's describing: Yanks jostling onto the bridge, Southern farm boys aiming over rocks, the creek tinged red with blood. This is very different from the modern combat I witnessed as a war correspondent in Iraq. There, tanks battled from miles apart, obscured by smoke and dust, as planes roared overhead. Civil War battlefields also revive imaginative skills that have been stunted by our wired lives. Instead of electronic graphics and noise, I gaze at simple touchstones—a wall, a creek, a bridge—and take my time filling in the rest.

Recker breaks my reverie with a wrap-up of the battle. Late in the day, after a fast march from Harpers Ferry, Rebel reinforcements drove back the advancing Federals. "The combat's over at 6 p.m., with the two armies holding pretty much the same ground they did 12 hours earlier," he says, ending our tour at a cemetery crowded with unknown soldiers, killed in an era before dog tags and often hastily buried in mass graves.

As a result, the number of Antietam dead can't be known for certain. Recker estimates that 7,000 men were killed outright or died soon after the battle. The total casualties, including wounded and missing, exceeded 23,000. This made September 17, 1862, the single bloodiest day in U.S. history, with a toll almost four times that of D-Day and equal to the combat casualties in the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, and the Mexican War—combined.

But Antietam's significance goes far beyond the scale of its carnage. Battlefield horror and heroism aside, the Civil War speaks to us because the issues at stake in the conflict still resonate today, race in particular. And it was as a result of Antietam that the nation took a crucial step in its long struggle to achieve liberty and equality for all.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

LEAVE THE MILITARY STORY behind and drive east across the mountains toward Washington. It was here that President Lincoln received news of Antietam, which ended in stalemate but forced Lee to march his battered army back into Virginia, ending his northern invasion. Lincoln had been waiting for the right moment to enact a dramatic new policy. Five days after Antietam, Lincoln decreed that on January 1, 1863, all slaves in rebellious states "shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free."

The Emancipation Proclamation turned a war to preserve the Union into a much broader struggle for freedom. It also called for the enlistment of blacks, adding critical, highly motivated manpower to the Union cause. Though Lee would invade the North again in 1863, reaching Pennsylvania, the South's morale and military prospects would never be as strong as they were before Antietam.

Reaching D.C., I bypass the city's famous shrines to the Great Emancipator: the Lincoln Memorial and Ford's Theater, where the president was assassinated. I head for a site little known to tourists: the quiet refuge where Lincoln spent a quarter of his presidency. It's located away from the Mall, in a residential area off busy North Capitol Street. During the Civil War, this was the rural fringe of Washington, then a pestilential city and crowded with soldiers and military hospitals. The presidential retreat at Camp David didn't yet exist. So to escape the summer heat and urban squalor, and the constant press of favor-seekers, Lincoln often rode to the Soldiers' Home, then a new facility on high, breezy ground three miles from the White House.

The property also included a summer "cottage"—actually a gabled Gothic Revival house with 30 rooms. Built by a local banker, it had recently been made available for presidential use. "The drives and walks around here are delightful," Mary Lincoln wrote in 1862, during the family's first stay. Lincoln's Cottage is now a national monument, with a museum and guided tours. The interior is as unpretentious



The cemetery adjoining Lincoln's Cottage, Washington, D.C.

as the president who inhabited it—a place to reflect on the man rather than to marvel at furnishings or presidential relics.

“This was Lincoln’s sanctuary,” says tour guide Niles Anderegg, leading a small group through airy, high-ceilinged rooms to a south-facing veranda where the president played checkers with his son Tad. A library floored with Georgia pine holds samples of Lincoln’s favored reading, including comic verse and Shakespeare plays. The plain dining room is where Lincoln typically ate a simple breakfast of one egg and a cup of coffee. The president wore slippers in the house and cooled himself with a palm-leaf fan. Nine-year-old Tad kept a goat on the property and liked to drill with soldiers camped nearby, who playfully anointed him third lieutenant.

But the place wasn’t simply a family retreat. “Lincoln could see the cost of the war he was leading from his own front door,” Anderegg says. The cottage faced a new military cemetery filled with the fresh graves of Union dead. When a Rebel army reached the outskirts of Washington, Lincoln went to see the fighting just north of the cottage, at Fort Stevens, becoming the only American president to come under direct enemy fire while in office. And his 30-minute commute to the White House took him past the refugee camps of former slaves who flooded Washington in wartime.

This may have influenced Lincoln as he mulled emancipation in the summer of 1862. He abhorred slavery but had resisted calls to free slaves, holding to his belief that the war was to preserve the Union only. Mounting Southern victories forced him to reconsider.

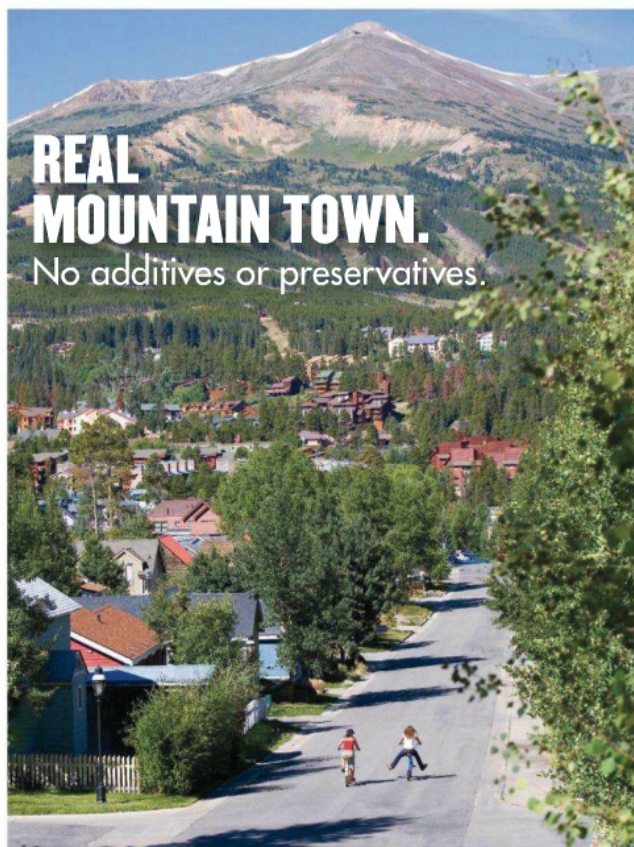
Anderegg leads us to a sunlit upstairs bedroom, furnished with a reproduction of Lincoln’s drop-front desk (the original is now housed in the Lincoln bedroom of the White House). It was at the

modest walnut desk that Lincoln is believed to have penned an early draft of the Emancipation Proclamation. “If my name ever goes into history, it will be for this act, and my whole soul is in it,” he said, in a quote that now hangs above the bedroom desk.

The mechanics of “this act” weren’t in themselves dramatic. The brief legal document had none of the memorable prose of the “Gettysburg Address.” But lingering in the bedroom office, I realize how rare it is for history to be truly made, and done so consciously. Lincoln, wielding only a pen, knew he was changing the course of the country, and greatly for the better. This was a historic moment infused with grandeur and gravity—another key element of the Civil War’s appeal. In our own era marked by much petty political squabbling, it’s ennobling to be reminded of a time when Americans grappled with momentous issues and strove, in Lincoln’s words, to heed “the better angels of our nature.”

They also made sacrifices on a scale unimaginable today. On April 13, 1865, just after the end of a war that left 620,000 dead, Lincoln rode a last time to the cottage. The next night, he was shot at Ford’s Theater by John Wilkes Booth, who had rejoiced in watching the hanging of John Brown six years before and had come to loathe Lincoln for completing the abolitionist’s mission. “Lincoln could escape the White House but never get away from the war, right up to the end,” observes Anderegg. He died early the next morning.

Leaving the cottage, I visit the adjoining cemetery, where Lincoln recited poetry beside mounds of Union dead. The graveyard quickly filled to overflowing during the war, leading to its abandonment in favor of Arlington National Cemetery. On a gray day 150 years later, this now urban enclave of forgotten dead, many identified only as



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SLEEP IN HISTORY

Summer and fall are prime times to visit Civil War sites during the commemoration of the war's

sesquicentennial. For a full calendar of events, consult the National Park Service website. Lodging is widely available in the region covered by this article. For an authentic touch, try these historic inns and hotels.

HARPERS FERRY, W.VA. One of my favorite places to stay is the **Jackson Rose Bed-and-Breakfast**, a stately 18th-century home that once served as Stonewall Jackson's headquarters.

ANTIETAM In Sharpsburg, Md., the **Jacob Rohrbach Inn** is a handsome brick house on Main Street. The region's best restaurants and other amenities are nearby in the historic college town of Shepherdstown, W.Va. Lodging is available at the **Thomas Shepherd Inn**, a yellow-brick home turned into a B&B a short walk from the town center.

WASHINGTON, D.C. The Willard Hotel (left) was the

place to be during the Civil War. Lincoln stayed here before his Inauguration, and Julia Ward Howe wrote the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" here. Now called the **Willard InterContinental**, it remains one of Washington's grandest and most historic hotels. Be warned, however: Rooms run \$300-500 a night. A cup of tea while listening to a harpist is a more affordable way to enjoy the Willard's ambience. —T.H.

"Unknown U.S. Soldier," seems a fitting end to my Civil War tour.

But returning to my car and driving toward the Mall, I don't feel melancholic. It's obvious at every turn how much my hometown of Washington, like the nation, was forever changed by the bloody passage I'd traced from Harpers Ferry. Reaching Pennsylvania Avenue, I wonder what Lincoln would make of the capital today, with a black family occupying the White House and tourists flocking to the city's newest landmark—a monument to Martin Luther King, Jr., who won important battles in the ongoing struggle for civil rights.

I can't summon Lincoln's specter to answer me. But I can take inspiration from his words about the Civil War dead. To honor those who "gave the last full measure of devotion," he said, we must rededicate ourselves to "a new birth of freedom." My trip is over but, I realize, it's not the end of the road.

Pulitzer Prize-winning author **TONY HORWITZ** wrote *Midnight Rising* and the best-selling *Confederates in the Attic*. *Photographer* **ROBERT J. SZABO** shoots landscapes and portraits using 19th-century methods.

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Traveler Kasia Wysota and her rickshaw driver share a laugh in the Bèn Thành market of Hồ Chí Minh City, Vietnam.

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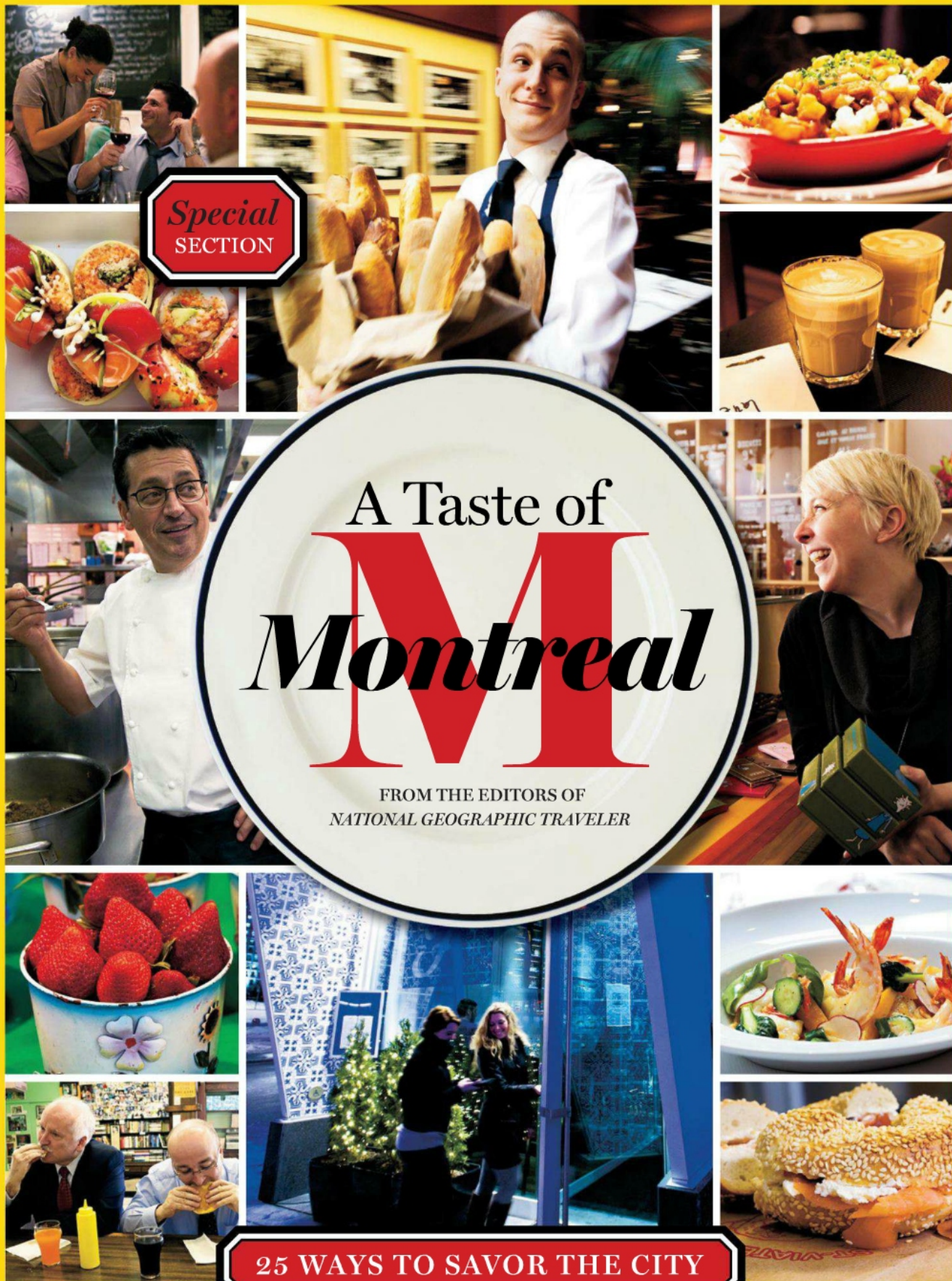
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Special
SECTION

A Taste of **M** *Montreal*

FROM THE EDITORS OF
NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC TRAVELER

25 WAYS TO SAVOR THE CITY

By Taras Grescoe
Photographs by Catherine Karnow



Montreal, where I grew up, seduces me always. I've lived in many other places, but none has the bon vivant allure of this city on the St. Lawrence River.

It is a place of eccentricity and high art. Romance and bonhomie. Steeped in history and astonishingly modern. It revels—indeed, finds its soul—in a marriage of French and English that once was uneasy but now charms. Montreal offers an extraordinary mélange of creativity (Cirque du Soleil is but one example), technology (the city is considered Canada's Silicon Valley; mega game-producer Ubisoft calls it home), and humanity (a giddy savoir faire makes every place a stage set). No wonder it expresses itself with a wealth of world-class festivals, from film and music to comedy and circus. ¶ Yet nowhere is Montreal more at home than at the table. In these pages we celebrate its love affair with food. But be clear: When you say food to a Montrealer, it's not just about the eating. It's about the culture. A meal here is a gateway into how we live; it's how we understand life. There is no way, in the end, to do justice to the city's passion for food. What follows is just a sampler. You'll find much more in the companion app we've created—download it for free from iTunes. ¶ Welcome to my hometown. A place that bows to the fork, that revels in *la différence*, that, above all, enjoys life. I hope you take the time to experience it in person. You'll see.

—KEITH BELLOWS, EDITOR IN CHIEF
 NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC TRAVELER

TARAS GRESOE, author of five books, including *Straphanger: Saving Our Cities and Ourselves From the Automobile*, lives in Montreal. San Francisco-based photographer CATHERINE KARNOW shoots for magazines around the world. She loves Montreal, starting with the food.

Extra Helpings! Go to the iTunes app store to download your free digital issue of "A Taste of Montreal," a compendium of Montreal's most delicious experiences—restaurants, cafés, markets—as well as recipes and tips from savvy locals.



Organic carrots at the Jean-Talon Market.

To Market, to Market...in a Big Way

1 Opened on the site of a lacrosse field in 1933, Little Italy's **Jean-Talon Market** served as a bus station in the 1960s, which explains the concrete platforms where vendors now sell organic garlic, farm-fresh eggs, and loads more. After undergoing a major face-lift in 2004, it has become North America's largest outdoor public market. Montreal's best chefs have long-standing relationships with such fruit and vegetable merchants as Birri et Frères. During

the height of the summer and fall harvests, 300 truck farmers from across the province hawk their fresh produce. In addition to the seasonal outdoor stalls, the market features unique shops open year-round, among them cheesemongers Qui Lait Cru and Fromagerie Hamel; fishmongers Aqua Mare and Atkins & Co. (smoked and dried fish from the Gaspé Peninsula); La Fournée (sugar pies and all kinds of maple syrup-flavored baked goods); and Wawel (Polish pastries).



Smokin' Beef

2 Whatever you do, don't call it corned beef. Montreal's **smoked meat** is pure brisket, marinated for days in herbs and spices before being subjected to clouds of hickory smoke and steam. Its most common form is the sandwich (above). The recent sale of Schwartz's—Montreal's best known bastion of brisket—to a group of investors that includes singer Celine Dion and her husband, has purists fretting. But the tradition of shredded brisket doled out lean, medium fat, or fat continues apace at Lester's, Smoke Meat Pete, and the Snowdon Deli, where countermeats have inspired a line of eyewear worn by the likes of Lady Gaga and Snoop Dogg.

FIRST-PERSON MONTREAL

If I had to leave the city, the thing I'd miss most is the river. People don't realize that what defines Montreal—the reason the city exists—is the St. Lawrence River. To get an unusual perspective of downtown, go to the Old Port, get on a Saute-Moutons jet boat, and shoot the river's Lachine Rapids."

—Terry Mosher, award-winning cartoonist

Best of the BYOs

3 At the chalkboard-and-open-kitchen bistro **Quartier Général**, an energetic young chef from Nice plates such classics of Quebecois cuisine as Stanstead rabbit, Boileau venison, and Gaspor piglet—accompanied, of course, by your own personally selected bottle of wine. Montreal's very first "Apportez votre vin" sign appeared in the 1970s in the window of Le Jardin de Panos, a Greek restaurant on Avenue Duluth, one of the city's best casual-dining strips, where clients can still participate in the genial tradition of bringing their own bottles of red, white, or rosé. Or, if they choose, a six-pack of beer to complement the fare at the Indian restaurants of the Parc-Ex (Parc Extension) neighborhood. At last count there were more than 290 addresses in Montreal where waiters happily open brought-in bottles, be it an artisanal brew or a pricey Burgundy selected at a branch of the SAQ (Quebec's official government liquor store). Every neighborhood boasts a beloved BYOB bistro—the Village has O'Thym; Mile-End has À L'Os; Little Italy, the Pizzeria Napoletana—but the biggest concentration is in the Plateau, where spots like Le P'tit Plateau and La Colombe have long welcomed brown baggers.



Glasses await
BYO wine at
Quartier Général.



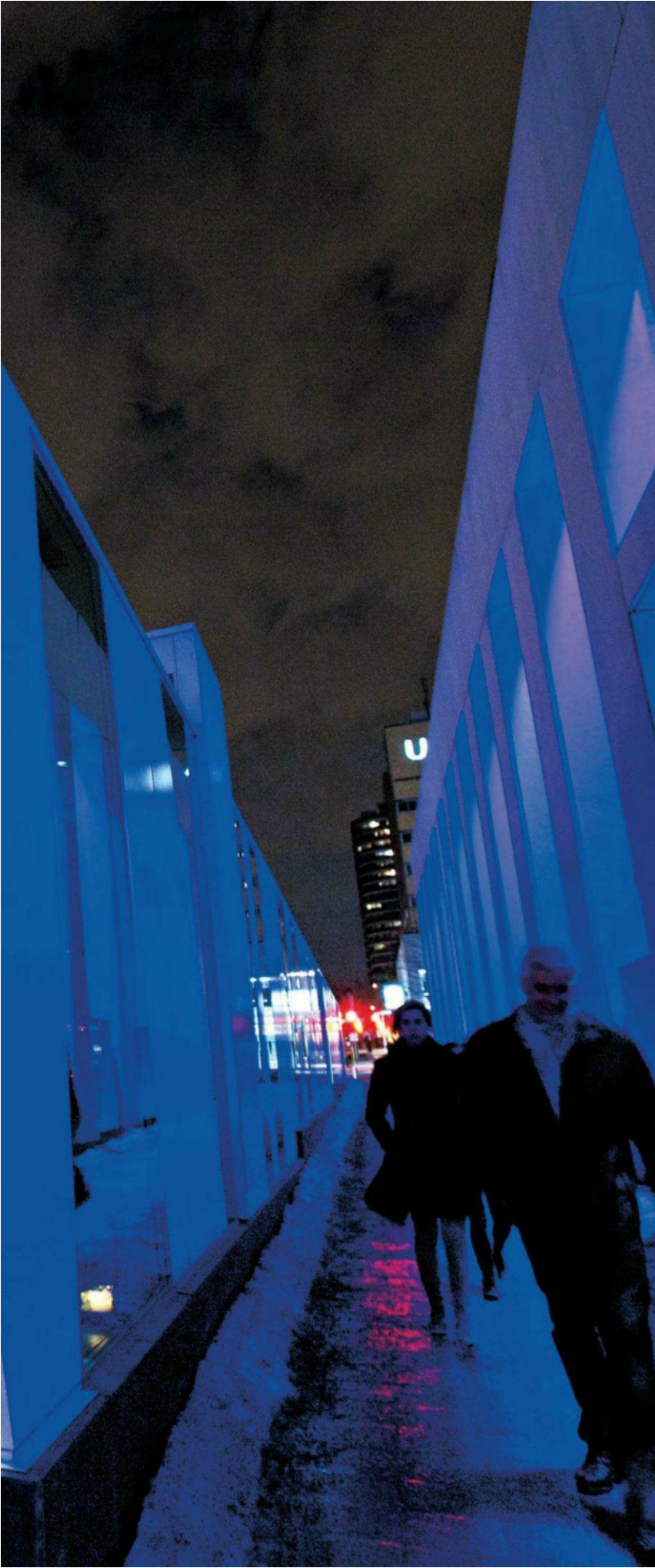
Food, wine, and spirit at Toqué!

A Farm-to-Table Classic

4 Most of Montreal's premier chefs have one thing in common: They have put in time chopping onions at a **Toqué!** kitchen, under the eye of chef Normand Laprise. Among the first to bring the concept of *terroir* to Quebec cuisine in the 1990s, Laprise played a pivotal role in spurring the development of local foie gras, lamb, and raw-milk cheese producers. He was way ahead of the curve in using such neglected regional ingredients as ground cherries,

sea buckthorn, and eels from Kamouraska, his hometown on the south shore of the St. Lawrence. In 2004, Toqué! (which roughly translates as "loopy" and also puns on the French word for chef's hat) moved to the spectacular modernist Caisse de Dépôt building on the edge of Old Montreal. The seven-course tasting menu—paired with wines from one of the city's best cellars—is about as pricey as things get in Montreal (not very) and well worth the splurge.





Old World Made New

5 As narrow and boxy as a mobile home, **F Bar** is one of two casual annexes of well-known Montreal restaurants that complement the ambitious downtown entertainment district called Quartier des Spectacles. Until recently, the area around Place des Arts was a no-man's-land when it came to decent dining. That's all changed, thanks to the magnetic cultural complex of five theaters, a contemporary arts museum, and, since 2011, a new hall for the city's symphony. All in all, this is Montreal's equivalent of the Lincoln and Kennedy Centers rolled into one. F Bar, a skylighted room overlooking the dancing waters of a fountain-filled plaza, highlights the ultrafresh surf and turf of the classic Ferreira Café, the Rue Peel pioneer of contemporary Portuguese cuisine. At lively F Bar, chef Gilles Herzog dishes out cod, braised veal cheek, and an Iberian take on Cornish hen in stainless steel casseroles called *tachos*. The bar, where dozens of wines are available by the glass, is decorated with blue-and-white azulejo tiles straight out of the Algarve. When the terrace is open and the summer night reverberates with the sound of a free jazz festival concert, dining at F Bar puts you in the living heart of Montreal culture. Also on tap in the Quartier des Spectacles is Brasserie T, another narrow culinary outpost. Showcased here are chef Normand Laprise's signature Quebecois terroir dishes, served in a more relaxed setting than at big brother Toqué! (see #4).

Befitting Montreal's exuberant Quartier des Spectacles entertainment district, the F Bar features a theatrical entrance.



*L'Auberge
Saint-Gabriel
salmon as art.*

Exquisite Food, Intriguing Backstory

6 The history of the building that houses **L'Auberge Saint-Gabriel** alone would make this Old Montreal landmark worth a visit. Built as a two-story house by a French soldier in 1688, it became the first inn in North America and, later, the first establishment to be granted a liquor license under British rule. In recent decades the site languished as a tourist trap—until it was bought by Cirque du Soleil founder Guy Laliberté and pop star Garou,

who transformed it into an Ali Baba's cave of contemporary art, complete with a spinal column of a whale lit to dramatic effect. Under the stewardship of the Michelin-starred Provençal chef Éric Gonzalez, Auberge Saint-Gabriel has evolved into Montreal's most satisfying combination of atmosphere and culinary cred—a place to sit back and enjoy such solid classics as homemade charcuterie and aged-on-premises beef in historic surroundings.

Iron Chef...Live!

7 Chuck Hughes is a phenomenon. Born in Quebec (with ancestral roots in the Maritimes), the fluently bilingual, tattooed chef bested Bobby Flay on *Iron Chef*, preparing, among other things, an inspired lobster *poutine* (see #17). Hughes now hosts a food-oriented travelogue called

Chuck's Week Off on the Cooking Channel. His flagship restaurant in Old Montreal, **Garde-Manger**, is a quintessential party place—with seriously tasty food. Located on a side street off Rue St. Paul, it is a low-light, low-key bistro-style eatery that calls to mind the kind of portside tavern where unsuspecting navvies used to be press-ganged into duty. (Around the corner from Garde-Manger, a couple of steps down from the cobblestones of Rue St. Paul, is Hughes's Le Bremner, an equally raucous restaurant that effortlessly mingles speakeasy and brasserie.)



The peripatetic chef Chuck Hughes.



Spice of Life

8 For their fragrant **Olives & Épices** shop in the Jean-Talon Market (see #1), Philippe de Vienne and his wife, Ethné (a former fashion model from East Africa), roam the planet in search of its most aromatic natural resources. Managed by their son Arik, the shop stocks canned Iranian saffron, vanilla from Madagascar, Trinidadian tonka beans, and a grand selection of olives that reads like the itinerary of a Mediterranean cruise ship. A few doors down from Olives & Épices, the de Viennes' second market outlet, La Dépense, specializes in exotic canned goods, sauces, and preserves from all over the world.

FIRST-PERSON MONTREAL

This is a city of great churches. I love Old Montreal's Basilica de Notre-Dame, with its Casavant Frères pipe organ; lesser known is the church's little chapel in the back, decorated with a huge wooden sculpture. And on a sunny day, the soaring stained glass at St. Patrick's is mind-boggling."

—Jason Nelsons, chef at Le Renard Artisan Bistro



Lox and bagel, a timeless marriage.

Hole in One

9 Lining up for poppy- or sesame-seed bagels is a venerable Montreal shtick. At **La Maison du Bagel** along Rue St. Viateur in the Mile-End district, strips are sliced off a huge lump of dough before being rolled into circles and proofed (boiled) in honey-flavored water. After baking for 17 minutes over hardwood embers, they are yanked from the oven on a *shibba* (Yiddish for “paddle”) and allowed to tumble into a wooden bin. Even New Yorkers, who make do with bagels forced to *schvitz* in electric ovens, can’t deny the virtues of the authentic Montreal bagel: sweet yet eggy, chewy yet crusty, and always best when pulled, still toasty, from a paper bag.

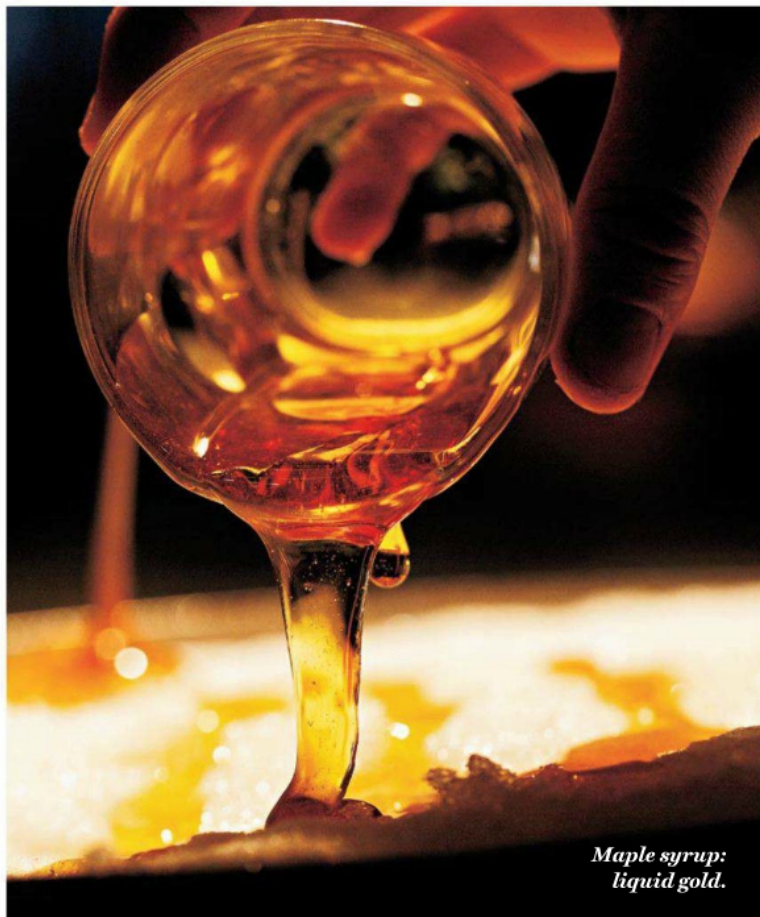
FIRST-PERSON MONTREAL

I always find something amazing at Galerie Zone Orange, a tiny shop on Rue St. Pierre in Old Montreal. They give local designers and artists the space to sell earrings and necklaces, napkins and tablecloths, handmade purses and notebooks. The place is a real jewel.”

—Graziella Battista, the chef/owner of Restaurant Graziella

From Sap to Nectar

10 Still sold in corrugated cans that are dead ringers for old-fashioned motor oil containers, **maple syrup** is to Quebec what the potato is to Peru, what paprika is to Hungary: the star ingredient of an earthy local cuisine. In the Laurentian Mountains north of Montreal, blue tubes snake from notches cut into century-old maple trees to the vats of rustic *cabanes à sucre* (sugar shacks). It takes 40 pints of watery sap to make a single pint of the pure, nectar-like syrup. An early spring ritual is the “sugaring off,” during which urbanites drive to sugar shacks to gorge themselves on *bines* (pork-flavored baked beans), *oreilles de crisse* (pork rinds), and sugar pie, all sweetened with generous lashings of syrup. The best selection of syrups in town can be found at the Marché des Saveurs at Jean-Talon Market (see #1). For a taste of the northern forest, head to Hôtel Nelligan in Old Montreal in March, when a sugar shack crowns the rooftop terrace, dispensing hot syrup drizzled over fresh snow.



Maple syrup: liquid gold.



The Big in Japan brasserie always hops.

Culture-Convergence Hangout

11 Like its location, Boulevard St. Laurent, where Montreal's traditionally French-speaking east side meets the historically Anglo west, the brasserie **Big in Japan** occupies a happy interzone among cultures. Co-owners André Nguyen and Julie Bisson have created what could pass for a hipster *izakaya* (drinking establishment with nibbles) on a Tokyo side street. Display cases are filled with lovingly labeled Godzilla and Astro

Boy paraphernalia. Patrons sit at cozy tables or on chrome stools fronting orange and yellow linoleum countertops salvaged from nearby dive bars and french fry stands. In this Japanese brasserie, named for a "synthpop" song performed by Alphaville, there is no sushi, just comforting food and bracing drink. Deep-fried chicken wings in caramelized soy sauce, for example, are excellent paired with beer, sake, *shochu* (similar to vodka), or *umeshu* (a sweet-sour liqueur made from unripened fruit).





Kitchen Store and More

12 In Montreal, a city teeming with amateur chefs, there is no shortage of retailers offering tools of the trade—everything from wooden rolling pins to electric raclette sets. The handsomest of the kitchen supply stores is **Les Touilleurs** on Avenue Laurier in Outremont. Here enameled cast-iron casserole dishes from Le Creuset and top-of-the-line Robot-Coupe food processors are displayed as if they were on the shelves and countertops of a minimalist country kitchen. Along with a well-curated selection of cookbooks, Les Touilleurs (the name means “the stirrers”) offers Ateliers des Chefs: in-store cooking classes by some of Montreal’s most highly regarded chefs. (Professionals, by the way, get their knives, including high-end Japanese *gyutous* and *santokus*, at L’Émouleur, a museum-like “boutique” for blades also located on Avenue Laurier.)

Les Touilleurs owners François Longpré and Sylvain Côté organize in-store workshops and gastronomical trips—and sell kitchen supplies.



Revelers warm up and prepare to fuel up at a *Nuit Blanche* grill.

Lighting Up a Winter Night

13 Montrealers have turned **Nuit Blanche**, an all-night party idea that began in the French city of Nantes in 1984 and has spread far and wide, into a February extravaganza of venue-hopping, with galleries, cinemas, and theaters staying open well into the wee hours. The nerve center is the Quartier des Spectacles, with its mix of outdoor activities for families in the Place des Festivals. Free buses shuttle participants to events in

Old Montreal, Mile-End, the Underground City, and the Plateau. Apps for smart phones and tablets make tracking down a stand-up comedy show in Old Montreal or a session of snow volleyball outside the Place des Arts easy, as does the fact that the Métro and city buses run all night. The logical counterpart to this “white night” is a *grasse matinée*, the equally respectable Gallic tradition of lying in bed all morning—well deserved after an ambitious night on the town.

FREDERIQUE MEYER/AUBIN

Joe Beef's "Take Two"

14

Veteran chefs David McMillan and Frédéric Morin, best known for their Joe Beef bistro and award-winning cookbook *The Art of Living According to Joe Beef*, now have a second kitchen.

Liverpool House sits two doors west of its venerable sibling, on Rue Notre Dame in the Little Burgundy neighborhood, not far from the Atwater Market. Echoing the Joe Beef philosophy but at a lower price point, Liverpool House is a quirky blend of genres, dishing up hearty Italian (think ricotta gnocchi, clams casino, and Parmesan flan on wild mushrooms), British pub-style fare, and basic French dishes in a setting where leather banquettes and flowered wallpaper channel a seaside cottage in New England or the Hamptons. One thing is certain: You are guaranteed fun and, most of all, fresh food. The kitchen is kept well supplied with kale, sorrel, basil, and other greens by the 2,000-square-foot garden in the back of Joe Beef. And the name? Mr. Beef, it turns out, was an Irish tavern-keeper in the 1850s.



A Liverpool House server and diner share smiles and a toast.



Europea sweets.

Dessert First?

15

When Jérôme Ferrer, a restaurateur from France's Languedoc region, opened his first Montreal restaurant a decade ago, few suspected that the small (35-seat)

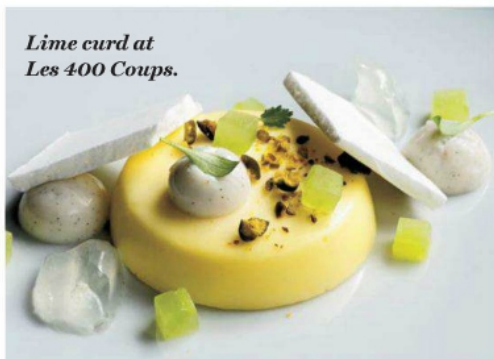
Europea would be the beginning of a gastronomic legacy that would include a bistro, a pastry shop, and a tearoom at Birks jewelry store (see #21) specializing in *macarons*. But the jewel in the Ferrer crown remains the original three-story restaurant on Mountain Street. Europea is a place where culinary surprises are the norm, from *amuses-bouches* of deep-fried foie gras nuggets to such whimsically inventive desserts as a bowl filled with bubble-gum-flavored cotton candy lollipops infused with honey and thyme.

FIRST-PERSON MONTREAL

When it was built in the mid-19th century, the Victoria Bridge—now among the least known of Montreal's many bridges—was considered the eighth wonder of the world. I like to ride my bike here and take in the fantastic view of downtown."

—Sarah Musgrave, casual-dining critic of the *Montreal Gazette*

Lime curd at
Les 400 Coups.



Dishes From a Dream Team

16

The name **Les 400 Coups** ("The 400 blows") hints at the hard-won experience behind the talented trio at this exciting Rue Notre Dame bistro in Old

Montreal. Chef Marc-André Jetté ran the highly regarded kitchens of Laloux and Newtown; pastry chef Patrice Demers is the author of two cookbooks and the star of a hit cooking show on Quebec TV; and sommelier Marie-Josée Beaudoin is a veteran of some of Montreal's best cellars. At Les 400 Coups, small but exquisitely plated portions emphasizing seafood and vegetables are married with surprising wines and even more astonishing desserts. Demers' lime curd, for example, blends pistachios with gin, cucumbers, cilantro, and vanilla.

FIRST-PERSON MONTREAL
Parc St. Viateur in Outremont, the neighborhood where I grew up and still live, is home to an old-time gazebo. In summer, folks dance tango here on Sunday evenings; in winter, you can skate on the pond while waltzes stream from the loudspeakers."

—Anik Bissonnette, artistic director of Les Grands Ballets Canadiens de Montreal

A Delicious Mess

17

Some say the origins of **poutine** (french fries all dressed up, if you will) date to 1957 and the little dairy town of Warwick. It began with curds: pale lumps of squeaky, unripe cheese packaged today

as snack food and found in just about every *dépanneur* (convenience store) in Quebec. Legend has it that when a client asked chef Fernand Lachance of Lutin Qui Rit to mix curds and french fries in the same bag, he replied: "*Ça va te faire une maudite poutine.*" ("It'll make a hell of a mess.") *Sauce brune*—gravy—was added later to soften, but not completely melt, the curds, and the rest is fast-food history. The gooey, completely satisfying meal, enjoyed after many a night of Labatt's beer, has now spread to Portland and Paris. Respectable versions can be had at La Belle Province chain outposts; haute versions are on the menu at Au Pied de Cochon and Garde-Manger (see #7). Montreal's uncontested poutine headquarters, however, is La Banquise, a 24-hour greasy spoon (packed during Canadiens ice hockey games) that offers 28 varieties—among them the fearsome T-Rex, which is topped with ground beef, pepperoni, bacon, and a hot dog.



Garde-Manger's
lobster poutine.



Mamie Clafoutis has attained cult status for its wealth of fine artisanal breads.

Daily Bread, Elevated

18 When it comes to getting their baguettes, rolls, croissants, loaves, and pastries, Montrealers are spoiled with choices. But your best chance of seeing out-the-door lineups is at **Mamie Clafoutis**. Between its shop on Avenue Van Horne in Outremont and a smaller location on Rue St. Denis, Mamie Clafoutis has generated a devout clientele hooked on tasty breads and the kind of treats French *grand-mères* used to make:

tarte tatin (upside-down apple pie), *cannelés* (striated pastry cylinders of caramelized sugar and cinnamon), and *clafoutis* (cherries and other fresh fruit topped with batter and then baked). After securing your place in line at the Avenue Van Horne bakery and paying for your baked goods, you can head to the small café upstairs or, if the weather's fine, do as the locals do and pack a walnut-and-blue-cheese baguette for a picnic in nearby Parc John F. Kennedy.



The Morning Starts Here

19

A veritable Montreal institution on Rue St. Paul, the popular café and bakery **Olive**

et Gourmando is a favorite with artists and performers staying in the boutique hotels of Old Montreal. Folks flock here for breakfast—and for good reason. The counters overflow with the neighborhood's best selection of baked goods, including scones studded with cherries and ginger, banana-walnut muffins, and the delectable “This is not a red velvet cupcake.” A perfect stop for a bowl of café au lait and a *chocolatine* (also known as *pain au chocolat*) or a quick lunch of crab cakes and salad, Olive et Gourmando is also a terrific place to provision for a picnic—try the goat cheese panini—on the banks of the St. Lawrence River in the Old Port.

Daily fuel (above). Dogs treat patrons at Olive et Gourmando to four-legged local color (right) in the heart of Old Montreal.







Wine serves as the leitmotif at handsomely lit Pullman.

Going the Wine Bar Route

20 Along with its working-class taverns, Montreal's *bars à vin* get high marks for their sips, nibbles, and ambience. But these wine bars aren't just for oenophiles; patrons who prefer beer or spirits won't be disappointed.

Pullman—occupying a three-story townhouse perfectly located on Avenue du Parc for a bite before an evening of entertainment in the Quartier des Spectacles—offers 300 wines, with a selection

of 50 available by the glass. Sommeliers are on tap to help you navigate the list. For those who like a little of this and a little of that, the menu includes “trios”: samplings of three wines, two ounces each. Should you need sustenance (maybe that's a stretch), the kitchen turns out grilled cheddar sandwiches with port, sea bass carpaccio, foie gras and smoked meat terrine, bison burgers, and more. Menu options also include a variety of cheeses and desserts.

Playful and Sweet

21 Montrealers, it seems, have succumbed to a mania for *macarons*, those dainty, gaudily colored confections of butter and meringue. At **Birks Café**, located on the mezzanine of the sumptuous flagship store Birks (which styles itself as the Tiffany & Co. of Canada), macarons infused with such tempting flavors as black currant and violet or caramel and *fleur de sel* are displayed like so many (affordable) diamond solitaires. Chef Jérôme Ferrer—of restaurants Europea (see #15), Andiamo, and Beaver Hall—oversees the café, a go-to address where ladies who lunch can linger over calorie-controlled butternut squash soup, scones, canapés, and macarons while sipping Mariage Frères tea from some of the city's finest bone china.



Whimsical treats at Birks Café.



Maple ice cream from Bilboquet.

Get the Scoop

22 ... on second thought, make that two. Why not? This is made-on-the-premises ice cream that is more than worth the calories. Montrealers know that spring has truly sprung when long lines stretch outside **Le Glacier Bilboquet**, an ice-cream parlor in Outremont that stays open year-round. Bilboquet (the name refers to the classic French cup-and-ball game) sells liter containers, cups, and cones of such favorites as Cacaphonie (white chocolate and cashews) and King Kong (chocolate and banana). The challenge is finding the perfect combination of flavors to perch on a single cone. Some aficionados swear by the mango sorbet and caramel bronze ice cream. The fun is finding your own signature duo.

FIRST-PERSON MONTREAL

I love the cool vibe and the bongo-drum jam at the summer Sunday tam-tams, with thousands of people chilling out at the base of the statue in Parc Mont Royal. I bring a cooler of cold beverages and a Frisbee."

—Harley Morenstein, co-creator of *Epic Meal Time*, a Web-based cooking show



Le Filet salad.

In the Raw

23

Montreal has lately established dominance in a crucial dining category: the superior brasserie or bistro, where you can count on being served

exceptional food and wine at reasonable prices without a whiff of the attitude you would expect in London, Paris, or Milan. One of the newest and most buzzed-about such spots is **Le Filet**, managed by the team that runs Old Montreal's excellent Club Chasse et Pêche. Le Filet's menu veers raw, with tartares, oysters, and gravlax. Think about sharing: Portions are the size of large tapas and priced accordingly. And be sure to sneak a glance at what the waiter is bringing to the next table.

FIRST-PERSON MONTREAL

There are miles and miles of trails in Parc Mont Royal—called ‘the Mountain’ by locals. When I go cross-country skiing here I feel as though I’m deep in the woods, even though I’m in the middle of the city. I love to stop for hot chocolate at the old fieldstone Smith House.”

—Kevin Gascoyne, co-owner of teahouse and tea retailer Camellia Sinensis

Just Right for Guys (and Gals) Who Lunch

24

With its pressed-tin ceiling and wall-poster menu, **Wilensky's Light Lunch** still looks very much like the diner/cigar store/barbershop it was when it opened in 1932. Located in the Mile-

End neighborhood, this no-pretensions lunch counter was featured in the film version of *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz* (author and native son Mordecai Richler grew up a block away, on St. Urbain Street). If the nine wooden stools in front of the linoleum counter are occupied, you can sip your cherry cola (still made with syrup scooped from a porcelain container and a spritz from the soda fountain) while you lean on the floor-model freezer and peruse books by George Orwell, Danielle Steel, and Stephen King. Regulars know to order the “special” (slices of salami and bologna piled on a grilled, mustard-slicked kaiser-style *pletzel* roll, served on a napkin), to pay as soon as they’re served, and to never leave a tip (founder Moe’s Bolshevik principles forbade special treatment). Note: At the Mile-End Delicatessen in Brooklyn, New York, you can get a Ruth Wilensky Special, but it’ll cost you eight bucks. At the original in Montreal, the real thing goes for \$3.90.



Bellying up at down-home Wilensky's.



Sylvie Lachance, *Van Horne's* co-owner (standing, left) and friends.

New Talent Spreads Its Wings

25

Looking to catch an up-and-coming chef at the beginning of a very promising career? Make your way to **Van Horne**. Chef Éloi Dion, whose last gig was at the private supper club of movie software mogul Daniel Langlois, personally prepares every plate at this striking 30-seat restaurant in Outremont. With its four appetizers, four entrées, and three desserts, the market-driven menu is short but sweet. The plating

is as creative as the surroundings—white walls enlivened with a totem pole, a silk-screened Picasso, plates decorated by artist Roy Lichtenstein, and screens from the Iranian pavilion at Expo 67 (the arty vibe is courtesy of co-owner Urs Jakob, of New York's Gershwin Hotel). By the way, Van Horne's forward-thinking aesthetic reaches well beyond the kitchen and dining room. The rest room features a high-tech Japanese curiosity: a toilet outfitted with a blow-dryer.



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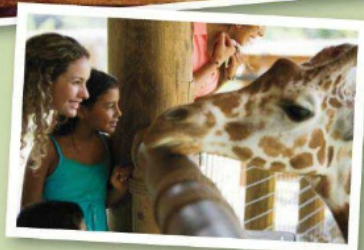
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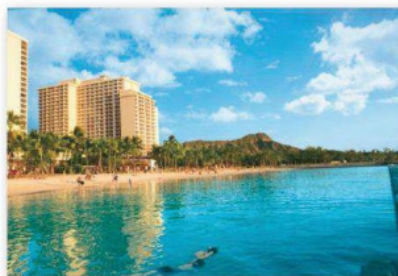
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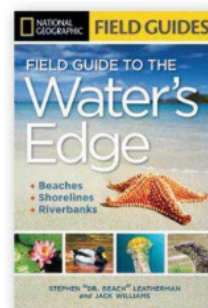


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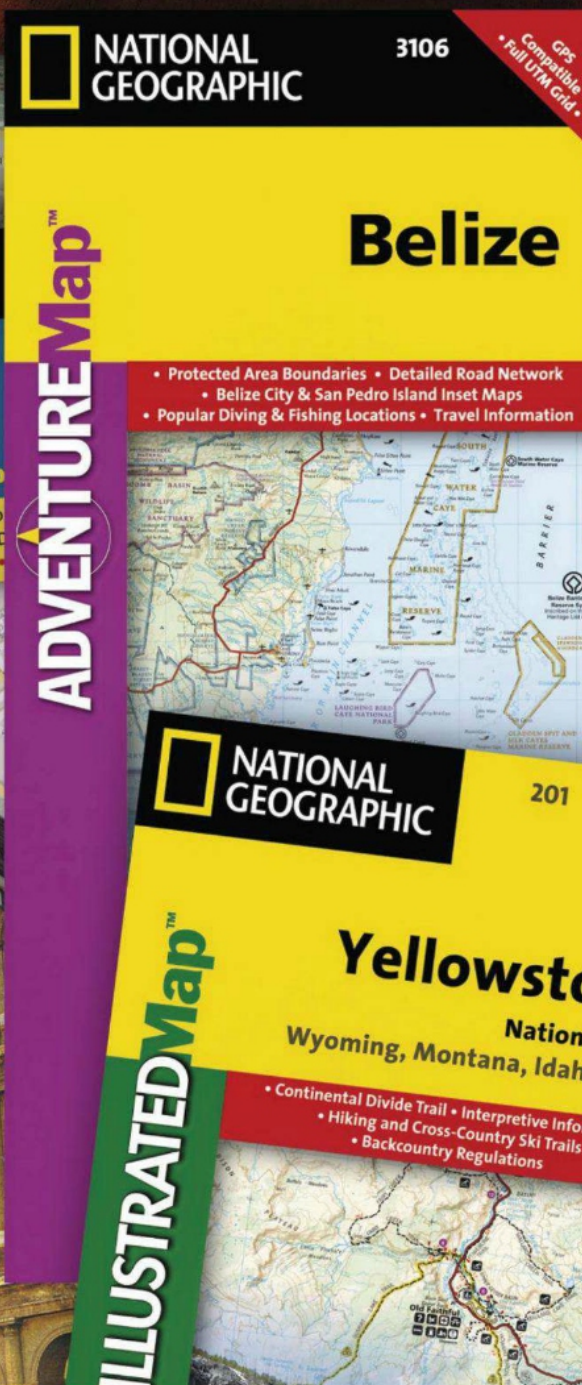


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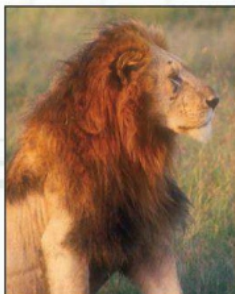
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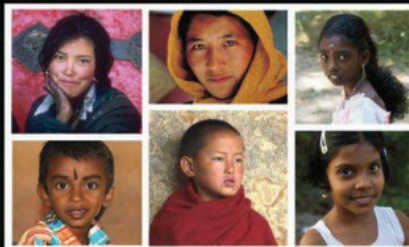
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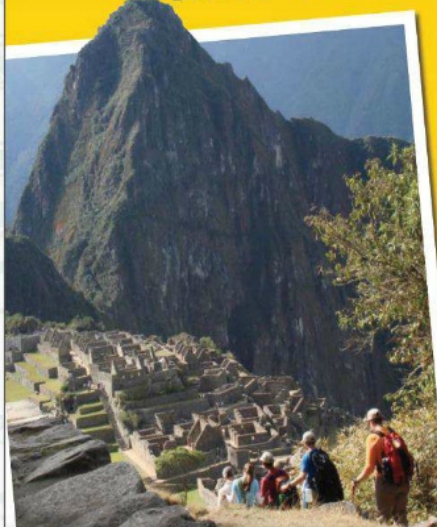
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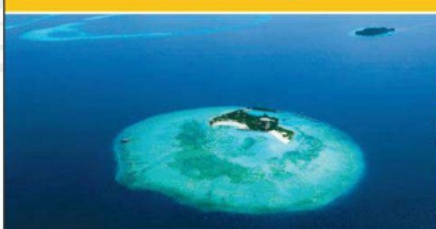


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Leaning Tower of Pisa

BUILT TO HOUSE cathedral bells, Italy's ornate Tower of Pisa above the Piazza dei Miracoli quickly overshadowed its church to become the famous symbol of half-baked engineering. Would it be as celebrated if it stood up straight? Apparently not. In 1990, worried officials closed the structure for a decade, spending millions so engineers could stabilize the building but save its lean—and Pisa's tourist trade. The column, straightened by only 18 inches, was reopened in 2001 and declared stable for the next 300 years. *Bella!*

—ANDREW NELSON

HEIGHT: 183.27 feet.

WHY IT SWOONS: Shifting of loose soil at its foundation.

BUILD TIME: 177 years. Begun on August 9, 1173, construction halted for as long as a century because of war and unrest. The delay actually proved beneficial, allowing the loose soil to compact and firm up. Otherwise, the tower would have toppled.

DUE DILIGENCE: The tower's architects might have reconsidered had they remembered the name Pisa comes from the Greek word for "marshy land."

KICK-STARTER: A woman, Berta di Bernardo, served as financier. In 1172, the Pisa widow donated 60 silver coins to purchase the first stones for the tower's construction.

DEGREES OF LEAN: 3.97. Pisa is not the farthest leaning tower, however. That honor, according to the Guinness World Records, belongs to a church in Suurhusen, Germany. Its lean is a precarious 5.19 degrees.

TV CAMEO: In a 1971 episode of TV's *Bewitched*, the tower was "straightened" by the witch Esmeralda, leaving pop culture's nose-twitching sorceress Samantha Stevens to help restore its tilt.

GO AHEAD, EVERYONE DOES IT: Stand in front of the column and align your hand parallel to the tower. It looks as if you're pushing against the tower itself.

LAW AND ORDER: Growing concerned with the tacki-

QUIZZABLE

What did Galileo drop from the tower in 1589?

- a) water c) pasta
b) balls d) bricks

Answer: B. The Pisa native allegedly dropped two balls of different masses, demonstrating the principle of gravity.

ness of the tower's image on souvenirs, the city of Pisa took action in 2011 and banned the tower's image on men's underwear, subjecting violators to a 500-euro fine.

COPYCAT: In 1934 industrialist Robert Ilg built a replica in Niles, Illinois, as a water tower for his employees' swimming pool. It still stands, and Niles is now Pisa's sister city.

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The Tower of Pisa—circa 1898—tilts like a tipsy wedding cake.

H₂O



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